The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1924 NUMBER 486

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The Week

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY is not technically on trial. He is only being "investigated." But this is a distinction which in his case has lost all its meaning. Actually he is on trial before the bar of American public opinion. He is accordingly entitled in common fairness to a suspension of public judgment until the evidence is all in on both sides. In the meantime however it is legitimate and proper to observe that if a quarter of the charges made against him are correct, he is even more grossly unfit for his office, and has conducted it more shamelessly in the interest of private persons than we had believed possible. And even if he should, which seems incredible, be able to demonstrate that he is not personally incriminated, he can never wipe out the stain of having made the Attorney-General's office a focal point for an unsavory crew of rascals with whom no man fitted by character and training for the position would have dreamed of having anything to do.

IT is true that some of the witnesses against Daugherty during the first week of the inquiry are persons of a character not calculated to inspire complete confidence in their veracity; but their stories hang together remarkably well; and if the Attorney-General is able to brush them away he will indeed have accomplished a miracle. The combined testimonies of Roxy Stinson (divorced wife of Jesse Smith, Daugherty's alter ego, who is supposed to have committed suicide), of Gaston B. Means, F. C. Quimby and of Captain B. C. Baldwin of the Texas rangers charge Smith and others close to Daugherty with accepting bribes in wholesale fashion. It is charged that Mitsui and Company, the Japanese firm which furnished the Standard Aircraft Corporation and the Standard Airplane Corporation paid $100,000 to halt prosecutions in connection with an overpayment by the government of $6,500,000. It is charged that half the net profits from the Dempsey-Carpentier fight films, amounting to about $125,000 were divided among three friends of Daugherty (one of them New York representative of the Edward B. McLean newspapers) this payment being made in exchange for absence of prosecution.

IT is further charged that the Department of Justice has been shockingly derelict in regard to arms smuggling along the Mexican border and that an officer who protested against such laxity was removed to another sphere of activity. It is charged that liquor smuggling has been permitted along the border and that individuals close to Mr. Daugherty received money in connection with the issuing of government permits for the withdrawal of liquor. It is charged that Daugherty and Smith jointly provided money to James T. Darden to be used in oil speculation which involved government leases. It is charged that the Attorney-General when he travelled from Washington to Ohio was in the habit of carrying quantities of liquor with him. It is not only charged but admittedly the fact that persons close to Daugherty rifled the office of Senator La Follette and investigated the history of Senator Caraway in the endeavor to "get something on" these gentlemen

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which might be used to halt the investigation of the oil scandal. Any one of these charges, if the complicity of Daugherty himself can be proved, would more than justify the contention which we have maintained for three years past that he is unfit to be Attorney-General. Any one of them, even without taking into account his previous record, is sufficient to justify his compulsory retirement. When Mr. Coolidge permitted him to remain in office during the Senate's investigation, the President made one of the worst blunders of his political career.

ACCORDING to the Paris dispatches, the forthcoming report of the commission of experts will recommend the establishment of a gold bank in a neutral country to regulate German currency, the hypothecation of the German railroads, the requirement that Germany must pay as heavy taxes as any of the Allies, and that she must pay from the outset as much in reparations as she can. As an offset to these obligations she is to recover complete control of her economic machine. If the report carries out this forecast it represents small progress. The Germans might surrender the control of their currency. They will hardly surrender their railways. As to payments and taxation, under the Treaty of Versailles Germany was already required to pay all she could, and to levy taxes as heavy as those paid in any Allied state. The difficulty with this provision lies in the uncertainty as to how the weight of taxation shall be measured. Are taxes per capita the proper gauge? Then Germany is expected to do the impossible, since it will be out of the question for the impoverished Reich to pay the per capita rates which the English manage to bear. Is income the true gauge? Then the results would be disappointingly small, as the gold value of the German national income, though superior to that of France before the war, can now scarcely amount to one-third of the French or a fifth of the British.

THE dissolution of the German Reichstag introduces a new complication into the European tangle. So chaotic is the condition of German politics that even the foreign correspondents are wary about forecasting the complexion of the new Reichstag. It seems to be agreed, however, that the right and the left will be strengthened at the expense of the moderate centre. There will be a smaller number of members who will support a policy of conciliation and a larger number who openly advocate the formal repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles. Among winning nations it is the rule that war passions grow paler with succeeding elections. The opposite rule holds of the losers when defeat is followed by penalties enforcible only by threats and violence.

THE report of the commission of experts will no doubt be made public some time in the course of the German election campaign. If the report should prove to be moderate and fair, offering the Germans a chance to retain their self-respect while working off their debt, it might strengthen the party of treaty fulfilment very considerably. Unfortunately the chances of a report of this character are small. The experts are more concerned about satisfying the demands of France than those of Germany. If France insists, they are likely to propose conditions which do not go quite so far beyond the possibility of realization as those laid down in London, but are still unworkable. The effect of such a report would inevitably be a strengthening of the nationalistic factions in German politics.

EDWARD B. McLEAN'S testimony before the Senate Committee was not of a character to increase the public's respect for his intelligence. He apparently sought hard to set up the picture of himself as a credulous, simple, and far-too-easily persuaded man, the victim of his own loyalty to a friend. He asserts that he does not know Sinclair or Doheny, and never found out the real source of Fall's sudden wealth until in January of this year. He was made an agent of the Department of Justice only in order to get through the police lines while travelling with the President; he did not and does not know the codes in which telegrams were sent to him, and did not fully understand some of them; he has been the victim of a host of advisers, volunteer and paid, who by their anxiety to get him out of trouble have got him in ten times worse. On the whole, this self-portrait is probably a correct one. In McLean's code of honor a small lie for a friend is of no consequence, a big one is; and he was undoubtedly appalled to find that what he regarded as a perfunctory falsehood told for his friend Fall was the gravest mistake of his whole career. Even this interpretation, however, still leaves his candor under some suspicion: notably, as to his insistence that he did not know who "the principal" was, when it is obvious that that principal was President Coolidge; and as to the reiterated story that he actually gave Fall checks for $100,000, though he had not sufficient funds on deposit to cover them, checks which have mysteriously disappeared taking their stubs with them.

OF the world's oil supply the United States has only one-eighth. At the present rate of consumption all our oil, it is estimated, will be used up in twenty years. This is the reason why the reserve areas were set aside for the navy. To talk of the good bargain made in exploiting these reserves is, therefore, the most arrant nonsense. Public policy demanded that every barrel of this oil should remain underground as long as any other source of oil in the world was open —provided, of course, that keeping the oil in the

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ground did not mean that it would be lost through outside drilling by private individuals. No one has yet offered satisfactory evidence that there was any serious danger of this. But even if there were, any government worth its salt could have put a stop to such action in short order if it chose. Neither Congress nor the public opinion of the country would tolerate continued drilling by private individuals if assured by the Secretary of the Navy that such drilling was draining off the final supply of fuel for the navy which is our first line of defence.

MR. FRANK A. MUNSEY, who has owned more than a dozen newspapers at one time or another, of which he had sold a few and consolidated most of the rest with one another, has reduced his present number of properties by disposing of the New York Herald to the Reids, owners of the New York Tribune. The Herald was itself a combination paper which included the old morning Sun. Neither the Herald nor the Tribune, with which it will presumably be amalgamated, has been able in recent years to maintain sufficient circulation for financial success in the highly competitive New York field; and it is possible that a combination paper may strengthen its position sufficiently to make this feasible. Since both papers are ultra-conservative organs of reactionary Republicanism, a consolidation would have little social significance to the community, except as an illustration of the tendency, often discussed in these pages, toward fewer papers and "stronger" ones—a tendency which has the most serious consequences for the community.

SECRETARY HOOVER'S recommendation that importers of foreign materials controlled by monopolies should be permitted to form buyers' organizations, in order to confront monopoly with monopoly and thus force fairer prices, deserves serious consideration. There is no doubt whatever that the formation of international monopolies, which has proceeded apace since the war, is levying a heavy tax on our industry, and a still heavier tax on the ultimate consumer. But while we are contemplating the exactions of foreign monopolies that sell $500,000,000 a year to the American people, we should not lose sight of the domestic monopolies that sell to the American people monopoly priced goods to the amount of perhaps $10,000,000,000. We hope Mr. Hoover will address himself to this problem also. It may be more vexatious to be taxed by a foreign monopolist than by an American, but neither are the American monopolistic exactions easy to endure.

ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG, the able Washington correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, is the Warwick of the Coolidge administration. He it was who suggested to the President that Curtis D. Wilbur, Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, would be an admirable successor to Denby as Secretary of the Navy. While Judge Wilbur is not known outside the confines of California, his record there is a good one. Before his elevation to his present post, he was identified chiefly as a jurist with a pronounced interest in social welfare work, particularly among children. He is a graduate of Annapolis and an intelligent man; and he becomes head of the Navy Department at a moment when opposition to wise policies, at least in regard to conservation of the navy's oil resources, will be scant indeed. Successful administration ought, therefore, to be easy.

ON Thursday, March 20, ex-President Eliot of Harvard attained his ninetieth birthday. He has that is, lived longer than any but an infinitesimal minority of his fellow human beings are permitted to live—longer, so far as we know, than any other American of corresponding eminence has ever lived. Doubtless there is an element of good luck in his longevity. He must have avoided by accident many contagions which might have shortened his life. None the less it is clear that if anyone ever earned his ninety years that man is Charles W. Eliot. He earned it by his wisdom in the actual conduct of his own life. He is an astonishingly complete example of a man who early learned how to live and who practised what he learned. He attained the kind of balance between feeling, action, and thought which is essential to health of mind and body, and he attained it apparently by observation of his own experience and conscious self-control. There is something a little rigid, inflexible and strict about the moral and intellectual structure which he built up so consciously and so successfully. Its uprightness is more analogous to that of a shaft than to that of a curved column. But it is eminent and extraordinarily sturdy. He stands out among all the men of his generation for a combination of great intelligence with high character.

A SUPPOSEDLY fundamental axiom of American law, that every man is presumed innocent until proven guilty, is violated by Section 23 of the pending administration immigration bill. Under this provision any person, whether citizen or alien, charged with a crime the penalty for which is deportation, would be forced to prove himself innocent in order to remain in this country. The person thus challenged would be compelled to offer legal evidence of his sanity, freedom from disease and innocence of crime. According to a brief on the matter prepared for the American Civil Liberties Union by Walter Pollak and Albert De Silver, "The citizen or alien can be deported even if there are no witnesses against him. There may even be no hearing in the case. He will lose his right to remain in the United States although there is not one scrap of evidence against him. The mere fact that there is no evidence in his favor will be fatal."

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THE attorneys maintain that the proposed law would make possible deportations in the entire absence of evidence and would therefore be unconstitutional; that it is without precedent, and inconsistent with basic principles of both constitutional and common law; and that it would involve intolerable hardship to poor and obscure persons and pave the way for private and official corruption and tyranny. The kindest explanation of this amazing proposal is that the authors of the immigration bill inserted it by inadvertence. Every possible effort should be made to prevent the passage of a law so dangerous to the liberties of the individual.

RECENT revelations about the leading spirits in the national organization of the Ku Klux Klan have done much to destroy whatever prestige that body has left. Several of the leaders have been shown up by court testimony as dissolute characters who were interested in the Klan solely for the money they could get out of it to spend on whiskey and women. From Los Angeles comes a story which reveals another phase of the Klan's activities calculated to make any honest man who may have joined the order (and there are undoubtedly many such) hang his head in shame. The I. W. W. have been engaged in a long struggle with the employers of dock workers at San Pedro harbor. In the recent industrial slump, when times were hard, the Wobblies were all dismissed; but with the return of better times, good workmen were scarce and numbers of holders of red cards were re-employed. The organization opened headquarters in a hall and its paper, Solidarity, was openly sold on the streets.

THE Ku Klux Klan in California, as in some other sections, is emphatically on the side of the employers in the industrial struggle. Accordingly, the local branch decided a short time ago to "put the fear of the Lord" into the San Pedro Wobblies. On a Saturday evening they staged a demonstration of their usual childish variety. While searchlights played upon the roofs of nearby buildings, presumably to guard against enemy sharpshooters, several thousand Klansmen, robed but not hooded, marched solemnly around the block in which the I. W. W. hall is located. That their purpose might be plain, they bore banners: "AMERICA IS OUR COUNTRY. IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT GET OUT." "WE ARE ON GUARD." "NO REDS WANTED HERE." We dare say that among these foolish Kluckers were plenty of honest young fellows who would be shocked if they realized they were being used by close-fisted capitalists in the endeavor to beat down wages and restore bad working conditions for the longshoremen. Some day, we hope, this fact will be plain to them; and with it a realization of how contemptible it is to invoke "patriotism" and "American principles" in such a sordid cause.

Progressivism and Oil

THERE is a general disposition among progressives to consider the oil and the Daugherty scandals as a bountiful subsidy from Heaven for the prosperity of their cause. They expect it to discredit the Republican party and the Harding-Coolidge administration, and to discredit also, though to a smaller extent, the Democratic party and the existing two-party government. They expect it to provoke a popular revolt which will enable the progressives to hold the balance of power in the coming presidential campaign. They even expect it to create a general intellectual and moral atmosphere permanently more favorable to progressive candidates and politics. Some of these expectations may be gratified. The immediate reaction to the investigations and exposures which are now taking place in Washington will probably decide the result of the presidential election. It is extremely improbable that a Republican or Democratic stand-patter will succeed Mr. Coolidge, and it is probable that hereafter progressivism will have a better fighting chance of being heard than it has had at any time since 1916.

Yet we cannot regard these scandals and the revolution which they are creating in the party politics of today as a boon to the cause of progressivism. They will enable reformers to raise once again the old battle cry of turn the rascals out; and as a consequence progressive candidates may obtain many votes which otherwise would have gone to their opponents; but any increase of power which progressivism will obtain by these means will not permanently benefit the progressive cause. Progressivism is a way of looking at life which, in so far as it becomes effectual in politics, must bring with it new and better methods of political agitation and action, a deeper solicitude for a properly informed public opinion and improved standards of individual and social conduct. Citizens who vote for progressive candidates as the best means of expressing their resentment against a system whose fruits are Fall and Daugherty are obviously temporary recruits who will desert as soon as the crisis is over. Their fugitive support will injure progressivism as a dynamic program quite as much as it may help progressivism as a temporary receptacle of votes. For if progressive candidates can elect themselves by exploiting popular moral indignation rather than by proclaiming and explaining progressive policies, they will undoubtedly adopt the easier course. In so far as they obtain power by these means they will not know what to do with the power when they have obtained it. They will not carry with them into office a program which will have been subjected to the test of popular discussion and which will provide for them as individuals a bond of conviction and for progressivism itself a positive meaning.

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In this respect the record and the behavior of the radicals in Congress during the last few months has been disappointing. When Congress assembled with a progressive minority in each House which held the balance of power between the two parties, it looked as if the progressives could use the inevitable controversies over legislation with the Republicans to develop a legislative program which would sharply contrast them with their opponents and would advertise to the voters what in particular progressivism meant. The Mellon Tax plan provoked such a contest in the House of Representatives; and any intelligent voter who followed the course of the conflict, as it developed in the news from Washington, could have learned a great deal about what Republicanism, Democracy and progressivism really stood for in the matter of taxation. But as yet at least no clash of opinion which may have an educational effect on the voter has taken place with respect to any other issue. The railroads to which, it was expected, a great deal of discussion would be given, have scarcely appeared in the news at all; they are not likely to be rescued from their present obscurity. Some discussion has taken place about legislation for the relief of the farmer, but no news from Washington has as yet reached the public which will help a voter to distinguish sharply the attitude of the progressives towards the farmers' difficulties from that of the Republicans or Democrats. It is extremely doubtful whether anything of this kind will or can happen during the three months which still remain before the national conventions assemble. The investigations and exposures have so disorganized the work of Congress that it can scarcely consider any legislation except the tax and appropriation bills; and even if it does discuss other public issues, the newspapers are not in a position adequately to report the debate.

In all probability the Democrats have benefitted politically from the Washington scandals more than have the progressives. The senators who are most responsible for pushing the investigation are Democrats. The most vigorous fighting speeches on the floor of the Senate with respect to the scandals have come from Democratic rather than progressive sources. The progressives have not as yet demonstrated either their aggressiveness or their particular ability to deal with current economic and political problems. It is true that Senator La Follette uttered in the Senate the original protest against the navy leases and forced an investigation, but the leadership in carrying the fight on passed to the Democrats. Although a few important members of the Democratic party such as Doheny are implicated in the scandals, the Democrats as a party are emerging from the scuffle with a record far more creditable than that which they made during the former period of Republican insurgency in 1909-11. If they have the sense to nominate a Democrat who is also a genuine progressive, they may be strong enough to prevent the running of a third ticket and assure the election of their candidate.

Is there any way in which progressivism, as an attitude towards politics and economics which is different from Republicanism and Democracy, can re-assert itself during the short interval that remains to be crossed before the conventions assemble? Probably not. The progressives in Congress may succeed in using the fight which is now pending in the Senate over tax revision to increase their prestige as a group. They may have the initiative to introduce legislation dealing with sources of power such as coal and oil, which will indicate what a progressive government might do to reach the economic roots of graft and corruption. But they are scarcely in a position now to obtain political profit from such demonstrations. They have not succeeded or even tried to establish any association between normalcy and the Fall or Daugherty scandals. Much, consequently, as we believe in the need of a third party, composed primarily of those economic classes whose interests are not sufficiently recognized by the Democrats and Republicans, we are afraid that the enormous immediate importance of graft and corruption as an issue in the presidential election will set progressivism back rather than forward. If the Democrats turn their opportunity to good account by nominating a western Democratic radical, they may be able temporarily to undermine progressivism as an independent political movement and to compel hundreds of thousands of progressives to vote for their candidate as the one sure method of defeating Coolidge.

A Doubtful Victory

IN the second phase of the "battle of the franc" the French government is victorious. Having been beaten almost to the point of panic and collapse by a bear movement that drove the franc to 3.42 cents, the French government took the offensive and brought the price up to a maximum of 4.76, and within a single week. This looks, superficially like a conclusive victory.

In any battle, however, victory may be won at any point in the line provided sufficient reserves are thrown into the contest. The question in each case is whether it is safe to use up reserves in an operation of limited extension. Everybody has known for a long time that France holds large reserves of gold and silver. The gold reserve alone exceeds a billion dollars, and the silver, even at its commodity value, would bring the total reserve assets above $1,200,000,000. All this reserve is inactive. Its relation to the value of the currency is purely psychological. It might be hypothecated or alienated without any direct effect upon the currency. Why, then, did the government wait until the condition of the franc was very near desperation before hypothecating even a small

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part of the reserve? Plainly the operation was one involving risks.

It pleases the French government to pretend that it believes that the franc was forced down by the machinations of a ring of exchange speculators, chiefly German or in sympathy with the Germans. No doubt there were rings of speculators at work, and very likely much pro-German money went into their operations. But the value of the franc is determined ultimately on the domestic market, not on the exchanges abroad. Any purely artificial depression of the franc would have brought swift punishment to the operators. Suppose that a group of wealthy speculators on the Paris Bourse had set out to bear the dollar and succeeded in cutting its price to seventy cents gold. The wires would immediately become congested with buying orders from America, and the shorts would face a terrible day of settlement. Exactly the same is true of the franc. If it had held its own on the domestic market the decline on the foreign markets would have produced a great cable demand, to be followed by a heavy commodity export to gain the means of settlement.

The franc went down because the French public had begun to see that the financial position of the country was far from sound. The foreign value of the franc has been forced up by a measure which does not fundamentally strengthen the financial position. The relation between the reserves and expenditures is the same as it was when the franc was plunging downward. The financial measures which Poincaré has pressed through the Senate were not regarded a week ago as sufficient to protect the currency. The prospects of an improved reparations settlement as a result of the expert commission's work are not perceptibly brighter. It is therefore by no means certain that the holders of francs will repose much faith in their keeping to the present level. And without this faith the flight from the franc is likely to get under way again.

This flight need not take the form of the purchase of foreign exchange. It may instead take the form of the purchase of houses, lands, stocks of merchandise, consumable goods, within the country, with a higher price level the chief visible result and an excess of imports, to be paid in francs, an early consequence. Any artificial pegging of the franc would accelerate the operation of these forces. If one is going to fly from the franc, he had better do it while the quotation is reasonably high.

Unless the French people as a whole recover confidence in the franc, it can be kept merely by the application of more and more of the country's metallic reserves to the work of pegging the market. The current $100,000,000 credit will be exhausted and the government will have to resort to another loan. It is plain that this process can not continue long without irretrievably ruining the national credit.

But Poincaré now promises that whatever happens expenditures will be kept down to revenue and no loans will be raised except for the refunding of short term bonds. This is his promise, but can he keep it? Not if he persists in the foreign policy that has so nearly brought France to ruin.

If France would agree to a rational settlement of the reparations question, contenting herself with what she can get instead of insisting on what she proclaims to be her right, she might get through without a really serious financial crash. After a brief moratorium she would receive a few hundred million francs gold every year with which to reduce her debt. What is more important, the relief of international tension would make possible a reduction in military expenditures, or at least would offer an assurance that no great increase in such expenditures would be necessary. But if the new settlement is to be merely another piece of sentimental aspiration, like the London settlement, there is really no hope that the franc will survive. The Germans will again show their bad faith by failing to fulfill conditions that are impossible; France will resort to new and costly forms of coercion and the race toward bankruptcy will be resumed.

It is possible that the recent fluctuations of the franc may have taught France a needed lesson in finance. We doubt that it has taught Poincaré anything. And if it has not, the sooner his government falls the better for the franc and for the millions of Frenchmen whose fortunes are tied up in bonds which must shrink to the value of waste paper along with the currency.

How to Estimate the Daugherty Evidence

AT the present stage of the investigation into the official record of the Attorney-General it would be premature to decide how much credibility we are justified in attaching to the testimony in detail of such witnesses as Roxie Stinson and Gaston B. Means. Mr. Daugherty himself and his friends in the press seek to discredit all the testimony of both witnesses as malicious gossip or downright falsehood. On the other hand many credulous and suspicious people will accept every statement as an approximation to the truth and will revel in the details of an exposure which, if true, is staggering in the extraordinary audacity, unscrupulousness and the high official position of some of the partners in crookedness. Sensible people will not, of course, go to either of these extremes. They will do their best to hold a just balance between scepticism and credulity. It is so important for public opinion to hold a just balance that we shall essay the dangerous task of indicating what a balance of this kind may look like.

In the first place and most important of all, fair-minded observers will question those reports

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about particular corrupt transactions which implicate specific individuals until the accusations are abundantly confirmed. Even granting the good faith of the witnesses the credibility of any single accusation, as long as it is unconfirmed, must be ranked as low. The possibility of error in this class of testimony is large. Yet it is unavoidable. It would fatally hamper the investigation to adopt the same rigid precautions against misleading, false or erroneous statements which are adopted in admitting testimony into a court record. Some of the allegations of both the woman Stinson and the man Means are intrinsically improbable. Many of their accusations will be contradicted by subsequent witnesses, and it will always be extremely difficult for the jury, which in this case consists of fair-minded and attentive American citizens, to distinguish the comparatively false or erroneous statements and the comparatively true ones. The prevailing attitude of the jury should undoubtedly err, if at all, on the side of incredulity rather than on the side of credulity.

Although statements, however specific, are highly questionable until confirmed, fair-minded observers should be careful not to carry this scepticism too far. They are justified in drawing from the testimony as a whole tentative inferences which are more trustworthy than analogous inferences about the truth of any single statement or alleged incident. They have no reason to reject testimony in toto merely because its literal accuracy is questionable or because much of it does not measure up to the standards of legal evidence. The rules of evidence would be different if the law could assume a larger amount of discrimination on the part of the average jury, and in the case of this particular inquiry the necessary assumption is that at least a part of the jury is capable of the increased discrimination. It is capable, for instance, of deciding what parts of the testimony of any particular witness hang together and tend to corroborate each other, what part can be proved or disproved from documentary sources or from the testimony of other witnesses, and what part is mere gossip and cannot be verified at all. It can judge whether on the whole a witness is probably testifying in good faith. This is, of course, a difficult and perilous decision to make. It should be made, if at all, subject to constant revision, and whenever the witness furnishes any fresh testimony the judgment should be tested by the evidence no less than the new evidence by the judgment. But if the observers are to read the testimony with any illumination at all, they must read it in the light of general hypotheses about the good faith of particular witnesses.

At the time when these words are written, any judgment as to the general credibility of Roxie Stinson and Gaston B. Means must be extremely tentative. For some reason not disclosed at this moment their testimony was interrupted before being completed and until it is completed there is no possibility of passing on it as a whole. Both witnesses appear to have grievances against the Attorney-General, and to have been moved by these grievances to give evidence. Both seemed anxious to testify accurately, and the demeanor of both of them on the stand was creditable to them rather than the reverse. Both of them had more to gain than to lose by refusing to testify or by exhibiting, like so many of McLean's henchmen, conveniently blank or hazy memories, and both know that extremely powerful and unscrupulous people would subsequently invoke every possible means to discredit their testimony. They must have realized that in so far as they fell into error or told lies they would be not only exposed but probably punished. Yet they did not flinch visibly under the ordeal. Miss Stinson's testimony consisted, indeed, largely of conversations which according to her account she had with a dead man, and the law is justifiably sceptical about accusations against a man who can no longer possibly defend himself. Yet the account which Miss Stinson gave of Jesse Smith's activities in Washington and of his relations with Daugherty is for the most part verifiable. In spite of the doubtful aspects of her testimony and that of Means they told on the whole coherent stories which corroborated each other, which in part were subsequently corroborated by Quimby and Holdridge and which, when all the evidence is in, are of a kind to be proved or disproved.

On the present showing there is obviously much about the relations between Jesse Smith and both the Attorney-General and the late Mr. Harding which cries aloud for explanation. If those relations were innocent and creditable, it should be possible for Mr. Daugherty by documentary and other evidence to convince his fellow countrymen of that fact. But at the present time an increasing array of damaging evidence makes it look as if Jesse Smith, Daugherty's most intimate friend, sat in the Department of Justice at the right hand of its chief as a recognized dispenser of graft, and if such actually proves to be the case, the disgust and anger and resentment of the American people will know no bounds. It will and properly should fall not only on the Attorney-General himself, but on the President whose friend he was and who appointed him, on the President who refused to get rid of him and on the party which affords such people an opportunity of governing the country.

The Counter-Attack on Oil

THE counter-offensive is under way. "The President's friends," says the well-informed Mr. Michelson in a dispatch to the New York World, "are industriously clipping every newspaper article that reflects indignation with the lengths to which the Walsh Committee has gone, and seeing to it that they get the widest possible circulation." Mr. Doheny, chief beneficiary of

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the oil leases, fires broadside after broadside—announcements issued in advance with a release date like government bulletins—alleging politics in the oil scandal and defending his rich claims in California. Mr. Denby, quitting office, comes to the front with a 23-point statement, contending that he simply followed in the footsteps of his predecessor—Mr. Daniels. Papers like the New York Times, recovering from the first shock of the event, declare that it was "a perfectly understood plan" of Congress to lease the navy's oil lands when occasion warranted—"The later outcry about a mysterious and sinister plot to secure the necessary legislation is purely an afterthought."

All this is what might be expected. It was not foreseen, when the story broke, how far-reaching the implications of this oil affair might be: how likely it was to produce what the stand-pat mind dreads above all else: "unrest" among the populace—distrust of the present control of American politics. There is a good deal of talk about recoiling from extremes: but Mr. Schwab hits the nail on the head when he says that the Walsh revelations are bad for business. And we are, presumably, only in the first stages of an active campaign that will have behind it not only those whose fortunes are directly involved, and their hangers-on, but a host of neutrals who believe this thing has gone too far, and that the sooner we put an end to all "hysteria" (i. e., popular indignation) the better it will be. We shall see an attempt to prove that far from marking a disastrous change in public policy these leases emanating from the Cabinet of Mr. Harding are first the logical result of what an earlier administration started, and second a good thing for the country. All the power of a great bloc of wealth and prestige will attempt to put that argument across. And it deserves, now, as it lifts its head for the first time, a careful examination.

The line of reasoning which this counter-attack will follow is already clearly indicated. Mr. Doheny states it. Mr. Denby states it. The ubiquitous chairman of the Republican National Committee states it. The New York Times states it; though the Times, badly fuddled, only goes part way. The argument is as follows:

1. Back in 1920 Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, pointed out to Congress the danger that certain of the navy's oil reserves might be drained by private wells in nearby fields, and asked for authority to drill wells—"directly or by contract, lease or otherwise"—as a measure of protection. "Lease or otherwise," you will note. The germ of the drilling and leasing idea, therefore, was Mr. Daniels's and Democratic, not Mr. Fall's and Mr. Denby's, and Republican.

2. Congress thereupon enacted into law (on June 4, 1920) a statute practically in the language which Mr. Daniels had suggested. The phrase "lease or otherwise" was carried in that law. Congress thus gave Mr. Daniels, and of course all succeeding Secretaries of the Navy power to do precisely what has stirred up so much excitement: namely, power to lease the navy's oil lands.

3. It not only gave Mr. Daniels that power: he proceeded to make use of it. In August, 1920, he approved a lease to the Boston-Pacific Oil Company to drill five wells in navy lands.—Wasn't that the same sort of thing that Mr. Fall and Mr. Denby did?

Five months later (January, 1921) Mr. Daniels again approved an oil lease: this one to the Consolidated Mutual Oil Company for 120 acres.

4. And in both these leases, be it observed, Mr. Daniels was content with a contract arrangement that netted the government small returns. In the case of the Boston-Pacific lease, the government was to derive a royalty of 25 percent on oil taken from the ground; while in the case of the Consolidated Mutual the percentage was as low as from 12½ to 15 percent.

In contrast to these figures what did Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny do? To date, says Secretary Denby, the "so-called Doheny lease" in California has returned a royalty of 27.14 percent; Teapot Dome has brought in 17 percent.

5. Compare the two arrangmeents: Denby and Fall show royalties of 27.14 and 17—Daniels shows 25 and 12½ to 15. Not only, therefore, was authority to dispose of naval oil lands petitioned for originally by a member of the Wilson administration, and that authority formally granted by Congress, but the net results show that Mr. Fall and Mr. Denby drove a better bargain for the country than Josephus Daniels did. If Mr. Daniels was looking after the navy's fuel, and following a policy beneficial to the interests of the country, ergo Messrs. Fall and Denby went him a point better.

Q. E. D.

That is the argument which is coming to the forefront now—and which is certain to be driven home as forcefully as a good many powerful interests can succeed in driving it, within the next few weeks. It is not only certain that this will be the main theme of the counter-attack: It is possible that with oil as a party issue a good deal of the forthcoming campaign will be fought over just this ground and the electorate led as best it can be through a tangle of "leases," "contracts," "tankage," "royalties" and "net returns." Let us take up these points one by one and see where they lead us:—

1. There is no doubt about the first point. Mr. Daniels went to Congress in 1920 and asked for authority to drill wells "directly or by contract, lease or otherwise"—precisely as the partisans of Messrs. Fall, Doheny, Sinclair, et al contend he did. You can find his letters in the record. It may be noted in passing that the ground on which he put this request was the "protection" of the navy's oil.

2. Nor is there any doubt about the action of Congress. The law of June 4, 1920, took over most of Mr. Daniels's words. It took over the essential ones at this point—"lease or otherwise."

3. It is also true that Mr. Daniels promptly signed two leases. But note that in one case the lease provided for five wells and in the other for 120 acres.

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These leases were in reserve number 2. How much land was there in reserves number 1 and 3? 48,450 acres. How much land did Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny open up for ultimate exploitation by Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Doheny? All of those 48,450 acres which were still in the navy's hands. . . . There are points, you see, that do not develop in the original statement, careful as that statement is in the accuracy of what it chooses. But what it chooses is the point.

4. It is true again that Secretary Daniels accepted royalties in one case of 25 percent, and in the other ranging from 12½ to 15 percent. With these figures Mr. Denby and Mr. Doheny compare their own, and find them slightly higher. But can it be possible that the leaders of this counter-attack rate mass intelligence so low that they count on it not to distinguish between royalties on a handful of emergency off-set wells and royalties on a whole giant reserve itself?

5. Josephus Daniels may have been no man to head a fighting navy. But nobody needs to defend his record when it comes to oil. His dogged reluctance to part with one barrel of the public's stock was proverbial. George Creel, assaying the field for the man "with the bluest eyes he ever saw," Mr. Edward L. Doheny, ran into it. A thousand other busy oil-scouts had the same experience. It was Mr. Daniels's declaration at the time, and it has been his position since, that what leases he granted were limited in extent and purely protective. "Those leases were to small companies. They were for no other purpose than preventing wells outside draining off the naval oil." And in the evidence which his present critics cite against him—those small leases to the Boston-Pacific and Consolidated Mutual —the record bears him out. He believed that a certain small amount of oil was threatened with drainage; if he could save 25 percent of it or even 10 percent of it, he thought that so much gain. You may say his royalties were low. The answer is that you do not get high royalties when you turn over public lands to private exploitation. That is the very reason why it is so disastrous to turn over more than lands actually in the process of draining off. That is the reason why no man who held the public interest first, and knew what he was about, would open up a whole reserve.

We have, then, these two stories:—

First, a Secretary of the Navy (Daniels) who asks Congress for authority to lease the navy's oil lands where and when he thinks the drainage danger warrants. He gets that authority. His critics cite against him two small leases in reserve number 2. They say nothing of the fact that he holds to the bulk of the navy's oil so doggedly that the bright-eyed captains of great wealth resign the job of having him "approached."

Then, on the other side, you have a Secretary of the Interior (Fall) and a Secretary of the Navy (Denby) who decide to take this blanket authority granted Mr. Daniels, and clap it down in blanket fashion. It is a point for the courts to decide whether, in so doing, they did not go beyond the authority intended by the act of Congress. Special counsel appointed by Mr. Coolidge, it may be noted, apparently believes they did. But pass that point. Consider what comes next.

Mr. Fall and Mr. Denby decide there is danger of drainage in the reserves. Do they follow Mr. Daniels's policy of saving what can be salvaged in special areas? They do not. Do they go to Congress and say "The navy's oil is threatened—give us funds with which to drill, so that the navy can have its own oil for itself?" They do not. Instead of that, in circumstances accompanied by loans to Mr. Fall peculiar to say the least, they open to Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair two great reserves and bid them start.

With what result? Admiral Robinson is on the stand. He is Engineer in Chief of the Navy and, with most of the men who opposed Mr. Denby's policy scattered to the seven seas, a naval officer who defends the course of that official. His specialty is oil. Senator Walsh is questioning him on Teapot Dome. Mr. Walsh points out that the navy's royalty is one barrel in every five, and that two-thirds of that royalty may be used by Mr. Sinclair for tankage.

> *Senator Walsh.* In that case then, out of 25,000,000 barrels of oil in naval reserve No. 3 (Teapot Dome), the navy will get 1,666,000 barrels of fuel oil.
>
> *Admiral Robinson.* One-third of five; yes, sir.

One-third of five—one-third of twenty percent. In other words, one barrel in sixteen.

It comes to this:

The navy had two oil reserves, Elk Hills and Teapot Dome. From Teapot Dome Mr. Denby's Engineer in Chief estimates that the navy will derive one barrel in sixteen. From Elk Hills the navy will derive what is *left* after Mr. Doheny has deducted the hundred million dollar profit which he testified (Senate hearings, page 1013) that he would be "in bad luck" if he didn't clear.

It is difficult to keep a firm grasp on complicated leases. In no sort of issue is it easier to blur the facts. But those who will bear in mind only two primary points—*what the navy started with* and *what the navy has today*—can scarcely go far wrong.

The counter-offensive is coming on the question of the leases. And on precisely that point the issue should be run to ground.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK.
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RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

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Where Ev'ry Prospect Pleases

Notes on Miami, Magic City, Where It's Always June

"BIG Blizzard Grips Middle West; Wires Down, Trains Halted. Worst Snowfall of Year Blankets Mississippi Valley; Seventeen Below in Minnesota.

"Yesterday's Temperatures in Miami: Air, 74; Ocean, 70. Forecast for Today: Fair. Light Southeast Wind."

Those are the items Miami wants in its morning paper, all winter long. Florida's Magic City is loath to admit that its chief asset is the contrast it affords to the biting grip of zero, north of Mason and Dixon's line; and the Chamber of Commerce talks bravely about fruit, potential factories, prospective profits from truck farming. But these are only future frosting on a present cake: the cake of that unseasonable summer, that June in February which brings 200,000 frost-fearing souls every season to tumble off the late Mr. Flagler's railroad into the sunshine.

Miami is the warm end of Main Street. Closer to the equator than Algiers or Cairo, the Persian Gulf or Delhi, superheated by the Gulf Stream whose tumbled blue current may be marked by the naked eye a few miles off shore, it is a miraculous haven for the old bones of farmers wearied by a lifetime's struggle among the prairie's snowdrifts and howling gales. These refugees from zero discovered California years before they learned of Florida's coral strand, and what they have done to Los Angeles is notorious the world over. There is good reason to believe that they will do as much and more to Florida, before they are through. Miami is warmer than Los Angeles in the winter. The months from December to April, the rainy season on the West Coast, are the dry season on the East. Above all, California is seventy-two hours from Chicago, Miami a day and two nights.

Therefore they come, in droves, flocks, herds. Where once the rattlesnake and wild palm held full sway, and the alligator floated, sunk to his eyes in the stagnant waters of the Everglades, they create a new Main Street of their own, a replica, which is almost a burlesque, of what is most characteristic in American civilization today. Here is a field model, compact and convenient, for the guidance of the sociologists. What can they learn from it?

First, perhaps, what happens to a community which grows at abnormal speed. Miami had sixty inhabitants in 1896, 30,000 in 1920, 60,000 (booster figures) in 1924. This excludes the winter visitors, about 200,000 this year. The rate of growth is the fastest in the United States. From year to year a twenty-five or thirty-five percent increase in such items as telephone installations, post-office traffic and the like, is usual. The engineers' estimates are for a permanent city of 300,000 in a few years' time.

The result? A real estate boom of extraordinary dimensions. No gold rush camp was ever more monomaniacal. Every second place of business sells land. Each morning fat 'buses bounce along the boulevards in all directions, taking "prospects" to one or another of the scores of suburbs laid out on nearly every square foot of ground available for fifteen miles in all directions. You may buy ocean-front lots at Miami Beach (on a long, narrow coral key which stands opposite the city across the shallow Bay of Biscayne). You may buy bay-front property on the beach or in Miami proper. You may buy to your heart's content on either shore of the Miami River, the little stream which, supplemented by a chain of canals, goes back to the Everglades, the central district of Florida. You may buy a home site or a business lot in any of a dozen towns, inland or on the water, most of them still on paper. You may buy for cash, of course, or you may trade; or you may use the installment plan, beginning with your automobile, your diamond ring,—or what have you?

The father of the boom is Mr. Carl G. Fisher, who has performed a typical American miracle at Miami Beach. A few years ago this was a mangrove jungle and swamp, inaccessible across the waters of the bay, uninhabitable after one got there. Mr. Fisher and his associates cleared the mangrove, drained the swamp, and increased the size of the place by the method (highly popular in those parts) of building a sea wall, pumping out the water from behind it and pumping in decomposed rock and dirt. They also, with the utmost nonchalance, built a causeway across the Bay of Biscayne for three and a half miles between the beach and Miami—not an insubstantial trestle but a solid "fill" of rock and soil, supporting two macadamized automobile roads and a street car line. Today the late mangrove swamp has any quantity of hotels, magnificent residences, banks, stores, motion picture theatres and other signs of extreme civilization. Mr. Fisher's quixotic dream has earned him a fortune, the size of which is suggested by the fact that $20,000 or $25,000 is not at all an uncommon price for a single lot on his salvaged property.

The real estate boom has produced even more incredible results. The shallowness of the bay has tempted several promoters to the creation of

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wholly artificial islands for residential purposes. Five of these ready-to-wear paradises have been manufactured. In at least one case every lot in the new Elysium had been sold before a single foot of its surface had appeared above the green and lovely waters of the bay.

It is not hard, of course, to understand why beach-front property finds a market among ice-weary Northerners yearning for the midsummer splendors of cocoanut palm and banana tree; but the skill of the realtor has produced achievements far more difficult. Subdivisions have been created far inland, on flat and arid plains or among scrubby forests of the native pine, and here not merely scores but hundreds of individuals have purchased lots and built homes. Cases are known where a quarter or a third of the land in such a development has been sold off within the first two or three weeks. It is conceivable that there are folk who do not like the sea nor the bay nor the river nor Miami, and seek only a spot where they can bake the frost out of their stiffened joints, like lizards on a wall. Even so, it puzzles the present writer, at least, to know why a whole horde of such persons should go six or ten miles away, when they could get land equally arid and unpleasant, for smaller prices, closer at hand.

But doubts and hesitations are unwanted drugs on Miami's market, where no bears are permitted to trade. The town has gone expansion-crazy, and the contagion is wellnigh irresistible. Whoever remains longer than a week and does not buy a lot must be an incorrigible iconoclast, or blind, deaf and paralyzed. There is no other subject of conversation but buying and its potentialities. Over and over you hear stories—authentic, I have no doubt—of fortunes made or missed by a hair's breadth. Mrs. X has just sold her home for $100,000; she purchased it three years ago for $18,000, but the business district marched down upon her and devoured her hearthside at the compensation stipulated. Mr. Y bought in Inglenook-by-the-Sea for $2,500 in 1921, and has refused $25,000; he is holding out for $50,000. Mr. Q's orange ranch lay along the route of a new boulevard and his net profit on four years' ownership is $15,000 a year, of which $900 is from the oranges. These are the tales which feed the fever.

The realtors, of course, push the temperature still higher. Every day their 'bus loads of sheepish, fascinated tourists go out to "the property," accompanied by wolf-eyed salesmen, incredibly dapper and slick, flirting discreetly with daughter Susie as they sell lots to Paw and Maw. The property consists of a few hundred acres of burned-over land, some of it still smoking from the indolent attentions of Negro labor gangs. The day's ingredients are a lecture by a spellbinder, under a circus tent; a bad free lunch; and highly intensive work by the salesmen, each of whom cuts out his little group of victims from the general flock and herds them off in a corner among the white-painted lot stakes, waving a crumpled blueprint as he expounds the glories of the future city which is to rise dreamlike upon this desolate plain.

Yes, ma'am, the community house'll be over here, with the municipal opera garden and music conservatory right behind it; now, folks, over on the right here is the artificial lagoon and yacht harbor. A college from up north has practically completed negotiations for this next block, by the civic centre and band park. Contracts have been let for the new million dollar hotel. Yes, sir: this property is going to be strictly high-class. No house to cost less'n $4,000 and all real Spanish architecture, stucco or coral walls, your choice of seven specified colors.

To be sure, he omits a few things. He fails to mention that much land securely high and solid during the midwinter dry season is flooded when it rains. He skips lightly over the fact that the water at present furnished to Miami and most of its suburbs is undrinkable, the whole population consuming bottled stuff. He omits to note that lots have been laid out for a city of at least two million, and that the collapse of the boom and a deflation of values is therefore inevitable, no matter how rapidly Miami grows, nor to what ultimate size. His motto is Boost—Don't Knock. "There is enough unhappiness in real life without coming to Miami to hear more of it."

And after all, he is probably truthful in one of his promises—that regarding the new hotel. The proportion of tourists to residents will always be at least five to one, in all likelihood; and no matter how furiously fast new hostelries are flung together, they cannot keep pace with the ever widening flood. There are two sorts of accommodations in Miami: Those incredibly cheap and those which average $25 a day for each person, American plan. (The American plan is, Gouge While the Gouging is Good.) But there is no complaint of this or the other varieties of extortion (such as the fact that the only taxi at the railway station is a touring car at $4 an hour). The real Main Streeter does not stay at the high-priced hotels. He rents a room, and eats in the cafeterias; or perhaps Maw buys an apron and resumes her vestal service at the kitchen range. The hotel dwellers are either rich, or willing to pretend to that category for a week or two. (Nowhere in the country is there such a high percentage of accidents produced by gentlemen tripping over their own unaccustomed walking-sticks, as in Miami.)

This is also a paradise of the recently rich. Palm Beach, of course, is where truly sanctified Society may be found, but from those royal sands the timid automobile magnate or accessory king from Detroit or Cleveland usually flees to Miami rather than risk a snubbing. These innocent souls pursue the standardized recreations of their class. They motor; they play bridge, the younger ones

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dance, and unanimously and hugely, they play golf. Miami has new golf courses oftener than New York has fresh murder mysteries. Most of them are bad, but if you are fat, fifty, and a Grand Rapids furniture king you don't mind. You array yourself in white linen knickers, like a small circus tent, an Angora jacket in need of a shave, a saucy cap, and dark goggles. Thus attired, you go out happily into the sunshine and swing your clubs in a manner which, if the editors of the American Magazine could see it, would cause them to cancel the forthcoming article telling how you rose from nothing at all to rather less than that.

Most of Miami's winter horde are innocent and Puritan enough; but not all. The wicked also dislike snow storms. On Flagler Street of an afternoon may be seen large quantities of too beautiful ladies, too young, too exquisitely dressed. Later in the evening, if you know how to get in, you may see these same ladies, in Tower-of-Jewels evening gowns, at Miami's few and exclusive gambling resorts, throwing away thousands of furniture-and-automobile-magnate dollars. And not only the female of the species is deadly; the daughter of joy is accompanied by the son of Eblis, and from time to time the subtler varieties of the confidence game are attempted—often successfully—upon guileless representatives of the Detroit, Cleveland and Kansas City Rotary Clubs.

Miami is a hot bed of boot-legging. The proximity to wet Havana, wet Bimini, wet Nassau, and the presence of numerous people willing to pay high prices have produced an elaborate industry. Part of it is carried on under the thin pretense of the fishing business. Any visitor may see the cheering spectacle of twenty huge limousines waiting in line at the entrance to a "fish wharf," their owners supposedly so overcome by the craving for piscatorial delicacies that they insist on driving home with the fish, wrapped in square packages.

The lordly rich befuddle and enjoy themselves in the desperate grandeur of $25 a day. What are the recreations of the Main Streeter in his black clothes, shuffling along the hot pavements of Flagler Street?

First, just keeping warm. The capacity of Paw and Maw to stand in the sunshine, letting it soak through, is incredible. Next, something both restful and cheap, sitting in the park to hear Arthur Pryor's band play its admirable programs of light classical music. Third, what the rubberneck-wagon humorist refers to as barnyard golf: pitching horseshoes. An elaborate set of courts in the park is occupied from seven in the morning until the sharp tropic twilight drops and cuts off further triumphs. Shortly after twilight the band concert begins again. The cafeterias are near and cheap, and one may top off with a nickel's worth of popcorn from the corner stand; there is no need to go home. Miami even has municipal rest rooms hard by where one may wash his hands if so inclined. ("Soap and towels NOT free.")

For the truly inland Main Streeter the docks are ever a magnet. Out on Mr. Elser's Pier, after you have passed a jumble of cheap-jack candy stands, picture postcard palaces, hot dog elysiums, and the cubicles of real estate and other confidence men, you come upon an over-ocean esplanade where acres of small craft are tied nose by nose. Paw, from Keokuk, delights to stroll here, much as he strolled before the Poland Chinas at the county fair last fall, gazing with mild speculative ignorance at mahogany and brass and the occasional puttering sailor in dirty white.

What of the intellectual life of this winter paradise? It is lived upon a plane which might be described tactfully as modest. Honest Main Streeter and simple millionaire are alike in giving their brains a vacation when they go South. It is next to impossible to buy in Miami any magazine higher in the intellectual scale than Smutty Stories or those Journals of True Confession of whose contents it is to be observed that they are not true, and if they were, what of it? The city seems to boast but one book store; and the main occupation of its proprietor is ladling out the works of Gene Stratton Porter and Ethel M. Dell to fat ladies who pay for each new volume with its predecessor plus twenty-five cents—a bargain in which both sides somehow seem to be cheated.

If one may judge by the newspapers, Miami has its fair quota of women's clubs with their usual cultural activities. And now and then a wandering concert singer or distinguished lecturer comes this way. But such as these are notes out of harmony with the slow and soporific tune of Florida life. The true winter inhabitant of the East Coast has little desire to be uplifted, educated, or formally entertained. Primarily he wants to sit in the sun, or stroll across the arid fields of the golf course; to bathe in the incredibly warm water at Miami Beach (though this is a ceremony chiefly honored in the breach, the daily attendance being certainly not more than one in a thousand of the total number of tourists). And mainly, perhaps, he wants to send back postcards to ice-bound friends in the North, pointing the contrast between his beatitude and their misery. Also, he looks forward to his return with the birds to his own country, when the hounds of spring are baying full-throated; and to the mahogany tan he will then be able to exhibit proudly to wan comrades whom he will tell, with mock ruefulness, that it cost "a hundred dollars a square inch." After all, bliss is not quite bliss unless framed in the suffering of your fellow mortals; and the Miamian, in this regard, is just as human as anybody else.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Miami, Florida.

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The Eight-Hour Day in Steel

WHEN Judge Gary and the American Iron and Steel Institute formally issue a revised opinion to the effect that, purely as a matter of economics, the eight-hour working day is preferable to the twelve-hour day, the question ought to be settled with a degree of finality convincing to the most scientifically backward of American business men. There can then no longer be any dispute. For the steel leaders have long been the outstanding and persistent exponents of the opposite—of what might be called the pre-scientific—view; and their industry, by reason of certain technical processes, offered more nearly plausible grounds for doubt than can be offered by others.

That they soon will announce such an opinion, or at any rate that they will be forced by facts to adopt it tacitly, now appears inevitable. The United States Steel Corporation and three-fourths of the so-called independents, which began last August to replace the twelve-hour day by the eight-hour day, are now reported to have "almost completed the change." The six months during which the eight-hour day was increasingly in effect have led steel authorities themselves to estimate that the increased labor cost as compared with the twelve-hour day has been from $2 to $3 a ton. So the Iron Age has stated. Since the average price of a ton of finished steel—computed by the Iron Age for the seven types which make up seven-eighths of the total output—was $54.60 for the year 1923, the added labor cost will be, on this estimate, between 3.66 percent and 5.49 percent of the price charged last year.

At the annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in May, 1923, a statement was issued over the signatures of Judge Gary and eight other manufacturers to the effect that the replacement of the twelve-hour day by the eight-hour day would add "on the average about fifteen percent" to the cost of making steel. When the adoption of the shorter working day was announced in August, there was a concurrent warning that the new policy naturally would involve a higher price for steel. The public, which was assumed to have insisted upon the change, must pay the bill which the change involved.

Seven months ago three of the leading steel officials explained to the writer that they intended to abolish the twelve-hour day, but that they suffered from none of the illusions of certain engineers and economists who imagined that the cost of production would not be materially affected. The President of the United States had just reiterated his request that the twelve-hour day be abandoned—basing it, however, wholly on moral and social grounds. There lay on the table as they spoke a copy of the Atlantic Monthly, opened at a marked article by Frederick S. Lee citing the physiological and consequently the economic benefits of the eight-hour day as analyzed by physicians and manufacturers. European industries that had got the same or greater output by adopting the three-shift system were mentioned in detail. There was also a letter from Mr. J. F. Welborn, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, telling, in strictly business terms, why he favored the eight-hour day in steel mills. With these were numerous statements of engineers, of Dr. H. M. Vernon of the Medical Fatigue Research Board of Great Britain, of the Federated American Engineering Societies, of Professor Horace B. Drury and others. Some pertained especially to steel mills.

The manufacturers were very sceptical. They professed no knowledge of what steel plants in Europe or Colorado could do. But they spoke confidently of their own. They presented no statistics, no data of any sort, by way of challenging the piles of printed evidence before them. They spent their efforts in patient assurances that the need for cooling steel and the machinery in the rolling mills made it forever impossible to get greater output per man regardless of whether the employees worked twelve, eight or six hours. One gathered that there were insuperable obstacles to the comparative efficiency of the eight-hour day, obstacles of such a mysterious and esoteric nature that it was hopeless to try to make them visible to any but a steel manufacturer associated with the Iron and Steel Institute.

In January of this year Judge Gary, after a call at the White House, gave it as his opinion that the change to the eight-hour day would advance the cost of production about ten percent. From May, 1923, to January, 1924, his estimate dropped from fifteen percent to ten percent. He has not yet caught up with the semi-official estimates which now put the increased cost at something less than five percent.

But a revision of his opinion on the eight-hour day had already begun: one must give Judge Gary credit for that. And he is wise in waiting to make a final judgment. For the change is not yet complete and the broader factors have hardly had full opportunity to show themselves. Ultimately the increased cost probably will be much less than five percent. It may turn out that the engineers were right who said there would be no increase at all.

The fact that the operation of a factory on eight-hour shifts, though it requires more work-

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men, results in general in the production of about the same amount of goods per man and per dollar is not, of course, altogether novel. It has been suspected for many years by those who understood the precise effects of monotony and fatigue upon the human organism. It has even been demonstrated conclusively by a number of manufacturers. Still the steel industry of Europe did not introduce the eight-hour day in its blast furnace plants and rolling mills until after the war, and an inquiry made in 1922 by the International Labor Office of the League of Nations elicited insufficient data for a final judgment as to the effects upon output.

Moreover, whatever the experience of the Zeiss Optical Works in Jena, the Engis Chemical Company in Belgium or the British Medical Fatigue Research Board, the demonstration by the steel industry of this country will prove far more impressive for the American business man. That demonstration is maturing and there is no possible doubt as to its meaning. The question remains: What is the ideal working day in this industry and that? It is a question in regard to which one would imagine the American employer, so advanced in other phases of technique, would like to conduct some scientific investigation.

HAROLD CALLENDER.

The Franc

THE expected has occurred and it occurred so precisely as expected that we are almost surprised. The watched pot has boiled. We can after all repeat: raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit pede poena claudo.

But what, everyone now asks, will happen next? In confused situations one must cling to first principles. The value of the franc can be determined first by the quantity, present and prospective, of francs in circulation; and second, by the amount of purchasing power which it suits the public to hold in that shape. Formerly these two elements depended on loan and budgetary policies of the French Treasury; latterly (in present conditions) mainly on trust and distrust which the public feels in prospects of the value of the franc.

With the franc worth between three and a half and four cents the control of the former does not appear to the outside observer to be unduly difficult. When the internal price level has adjusted itself to this figure the yield of many of the existing taxes in terms of paper francs will naturally increase. On the other hand the biggest item of expenditure, namely, service of internal debt, will remain the same as before. Thus even apart from additional taxation the mere movement of exchange has in itself a tendency to restore the budget towards equilibrium, provided always that the public faith is maintained in the prospects of the national currency.

It is in this second factor, therefore, that the crux of the situation lies—namely, the attitude of the French public towards their own currency. I emphasize the fact that the matter lies in the hands of Frenchmen themselves, not in those of any foreign persons. For the amount of francs owned by foreigners is probably not very great—not much more than what is still left in their hands as the remnant of disappointed "bull" operations while the obstacles are insuperable to "bear" sales by foreigners of francs which they don't possess on a really large scale. On the other hand the volume of franc notes and franc bills and other short-dated investments held in France itself is enormous—far beyond the minimum required for the convenient transaction of business. If Frenchmen get it into their heads (as each in their turn Russians, Austrians and Germans have done) that their national legal tender money and titles to legal tender represent depreciating assets, then there is no near limit to the fall in the value of the franc. For in this event, they will diminish their holding of such assets. They will keep fewer Bank of France notes in their pocketbooks and in their safes. They will liquidate their bons de tresor and sell their rentes. No law or regulation will avail to restrain them. Moreover the process will be cumulative for each successive liquidation of franc assets and their transference into "real values," by provoking a further flight, will seem to justify the prescience of those who fled first from the franc and will thus prepare the way for a second outbreak of distrust.

In this case the fall of the franc will not be prevented even by a reformed budget or favorable surplus of trade. For it would be necessary for the government to absorb redundant banknotes and franc bonds and bills which the public no longer cared to hold—a task unavoidably beyond the government's power. We have the experience of many countries to demonstrate that unbalanced budgets are the initial cause of collapse, but the real degringolade only comes when the confidence of the general public is so far undermined that they begin to contract their holdings of legal tender money.

The central task of the French government at this moment is, therefore, to restore confidence in the franc in the minds of the widest circles of the French public. For it is failure of this internal confidence, not speculation by foreigners (though foreigners and Frenchmen too may take

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advantage of collapsing currency to win great gains) which would prove their undoing.

Now, if they go right away about it, there is nothing impossible in the task of restoring and maintaining confidence. Examples of Russia, Austria and Germany are not a just parallel. Those who foresee the future of the franc in the light of such previous experiences may make a big mistake. For in those countries the problem of balancing the budget was, during the earlier phases, a virtual impossibility. The initial impulse towards collapse was, therefore, also a continuing impulse. This is not so in France. There is no impossibility in achieving fiscal equilibrium provided that reconstruction expenditure is reasonably postponed. I applaud the efforts of M. Poincaré and the French treasury in this direction. But this is not enough by itself. It is also necessary to restore public confidence, and in this sphere of action every step taken by M. de Lasteyrie has been away from wisdom.

For upon what foundations does the credit of a currency rest? They are much the same as with the bank. The bank can only attract and retain the deposits of its clients as long as these clients possess complete confidence in their freedom to withdraw their deposits for exchange into other assets if they have a mind to do so. As long as this liberty is beyond doubt it will not be exercised—deposits will rest and grow. But if it is once called in question they will shrink and disappear. So it is with currency. Men hold part of their resources in money because they believe it to be more readily and freely interchangeable than any alternative hoard into whatsoever object of value they may select hereafter. If this belief proves false they will not hold money and nothing can make them do so. Now the prime object of M. de Lasteyrie's regulations is to restrict the liberty of holders of francs to exchange them at their discretion into other forms of value. So far, therefore, from protecting the franc and restoring its credit they are directly calculated to shatter confidence and destroy its credit. A sufficient number of regulations would destroy the value, precisely because they would destroy the utility, of any currency in the world. As soon as there is doubt as to whether francs (or bons de tresor) are truly liquid assets these instruments cease to serve the purpose for which they are held, and holders hasten to dispose of them before the doubt is resolved into certainty and yet further obstacles can be placed in the way. Just as a man draws out his deposits at the bank whether he needs the money or not as soon as he has reason to believe he may not be free to do so, so the general public and the financial world alike withdraw their resources from currency if they fear limitation on their subsequent freedom of withdrawal.

What course then should the French Treasury now take in face of the dangers surrounding them? It is soon said. First, the government must so strengthen its fiscal position that its power to control the volume of currency is beyond doubt—the necessity of which is at last accepted. Secondly—and especially during the interval which must needs elapse before the first category of measures can be brought into full operation—the government must restore such complete confidence in the liberty of the franc that no one will think it worth while to enter by way of precaution into sales of francs not immediately urgent—the equal necessity of which seems to be overlooked.

To achieve this latter object nothing more is required than a reversal of the recent policy of restrictions on dealing, of useless hoarding of gold, of keeping down the bank rate and of secrecy about the actual position of the Treasury and the Bank of France. The chief measures which are necessary can be summarized under three heads:

1. All limitations on use of francs to purchase foreign currencies, foreign bonds or goods—whether for immediate or deferred delivery—should be wholly repealed.

2. The discount rate of the Bank of France should be raised to a high figure—probably not less than ten percent in present circumstances (though it might not be necessary to maintain such a high rate for any length of time.) Counteract anticipation—well or ill-founded—as to the possible depreciation of the franc. In view of the high rate of interest now obtainable on French government securities (let alone rates on forward exchange) the present rate of discount does not correspond to the facts of the situation, and is calculated to stimulate over-borrowing. Possibly some increase of the Bank of France rate may have been effected when these lines are printed.

3. Considerable sums drawn from the still ample gold reserve of the Bank of France should be made the basis of foreign credit, either by outright sale or by borrowing against it, to be available for use without stint in supporting exchange near the present level and restoring confidence during the interval before fiscal reforms can produce their full effect. This has been done.

I warrant these simple, well tried measures, in combination with political moderation and with the drastic economies and taxes without which no other measures can finally avail, would have marvelous efficacy. After a few weeks of this medicine and with a benevolent reception by M. Poincaré (or his successor) of the forthcoming experts' reports, the franc might be as steady as a rock. But if, on the other hand, distrust in the franc is countered by methods of the Holy Inquisition, if Frenchmen prefer the concealed capital levy of inflation to other forms of taxation, if France remains the trouble-peace of Europe—then the franc may follow the course of other once noble tokens.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London (by cable).

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Ku Kluxing in the Miners' Country

JOHNSTON CITY. Mines. The miners at work—quitting time not far off. Their wives stirring their fires to start supper. Suddenly a whistle blows—long—again and again. The East mine—gas! Women run from their homes. Screaming children follow. A hush on Main Street—a rush of automobiles, trucks, people. Soon a thousand souls are at the East mine shaft. A thousand more are coming. As the cages bring men to the top, every woman looks for her man, her boy. Some look in vain. The rescue teams. Ropes stretched. Frantic women held back. How long this work of rescue! The mine manager and a face boss, both dead. No one in charge familiar with the air circulation. Hours pass. A telephone message from below—many entombed are yet alive. But what of the others? Trapped. Dying. Dead. Night comes. The doctors are down below—lives may yet be saved. Brave miners strive to reach the stricken entry. Midnight. Cold, so cold—below zero. Women's bodies shiver but they are conscious of only one thing—their eyes are never off those moving cages. At last the bodies—whose? Ambulance after ambulance carries away its load of bruised, burned, charred, unidentified bodies. They yet may live, men tell these mourning women, and in some breasts comes the first faint hope. But others wail in their despair, "They're dead! They're dead!" Yes, dead, thirty-two. Father and son. Brothers. And nine for whom death might be better. Mine disasters the town had known before but never one with such a heavy toll of human life.

The tragedy of this little town cast its shadows over the entire county where in the name of law and religion the people have allowed themselves to be divided into warring factions. Only the week before mobs of religious folk had terrorized home after home. Women were abusively treated, crucifixes were smashed, homes looted, property burned. State troops were necessary to prevent bloodshed. Now in the presence of death Ku Kluxism is quiet.

A joint memorial service is held for the thirty-two dead. Catholic and Protestant homes alike are sorrowing. Do the men of God use this opportunity to preach the lesson of religious tolerance? They preach religious salvation. Do they exhort the people to join in a mighty demand for the rigid enforcement of mine safety laws? Men predict that the most appalling disaster known to mining will some day come in this region of gaseous mines. "Prepare for death! Make your peace with God while you yet are spared!" With this warning to the living, the thirty-two are committed to God. In this industrial community the rigid, even ruthless, enforcement of the prohibition law is of first importance!

The funeral processions move silently through Main Street. There are automobiles volunteered by Klan and anti-Klan, wet and dry, Protestant native and Catholic foreigner. Crowds of miners line the streets. The native American face predominates—kind faces these. For the time there are softened hearts, sobered minds, solemn thoughts. But in their breasts are deep-rooted prejudices, for theirs is the blood of God-fearing pioneers who believed all men should worship God and in one way. How long will it be until prejudice and passion are again roused to fury among these people?

The armistice is brief indeed. The next week through the same streets are herded one hundrd and twenty-eight men and women, branded as wicked, lawless, immoral. They are transported outside the county for arraignment before carefully selected federal officials. Some are boot-leggers; some, makers of wine or home brew for home use; frequenters of boot-leggers' places; church members—but of the wrong church; Protestants who are "back-sliders;" Protestants who have black faces; sinners, downright, outright sinners—but believers in God, all. Williamson county is a county of believers and joiners.

The mask and the tar bucket are missing from this latest Ku Klux melodrama. Here the followers of the Fiery Cross go forth in the name of the Lord, and whatever is done in the name of the Lord in Williamson county, need not be hid under a pillow slip. Here the ambassador of the Invisible Empire, and erstwhile prohibition agent, came to the rescue of a religious people whose county was cursed with boot-legging! Prayers and sermons had been in vain. Prodding of county officials too had been of little avail. They were now to be shown how they might go over the heads of local officers of the law and coöperate directly with the Federal Enforcement Bureau. Given a reward of several thousand dollars, an expensive, high-powered car, a well-armed body guard, and this Jesse James of Volstead days was ready. Behind him was a host of the self-righteous, their faces bared to the world, their courage high, their firearms many.

The next scene of turbulence is Herrin, wicked Herrin. This time there is resistance. Knight meets Knight. The Flaming Cross meets the Flaming Circle. An officer of the law, of Ku Klux faith, is shot dead; another, anti-Ku Klux, is seriously wounded. The mayor, a labor leader and others hurry the wounded man to the hospital. The Ku Klux is in pursuit. They will have venge-

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ance, reprisals, even if the hospital itself must be bombarded. "Open in the name of the law!" There is a refusal. The seige begins. Doctors and nurses seize patients from their beds and stretch them out upon the floor; bullets are whizzing through the windows. The imported Ku Klux leader takes control of the town on behalf of the chief of police who has been transported to another county—to prevent lynching, says the sheriff. Now the sheriff is arrested by the Ku Klux chief and likewise transported to another county. Ku Kluxism wins. Herrin is theirs. Again the troops.

Not a foreigner but a fellow American is named as the slayer of the Klansman. And when the dead man received the last rites of church and Klan, the minister spoke thus, "O, Lord, we have put our hands to the plow and we will not turn back!" Thus shall the soil and soul of Williamson county be purged and purified!

All this in a community that boasts of its one hundred percent unionism, a community where for twenty-five years native and foreigner have stood together in the industrial struggle and so often died together in disaster. How could this relationship be severed with such hatred and violence?

The Ku Klux as an organization is new to Williamson county. Only last spring when a religious revival was on were its first rumblings heard, but the Ku Klux mind has always dominated this section of the country. Migrating wholly from the South and for generations untouched by other influences, the primitive forefathers of this native population lived entirely to themselves and knew no other way. To this day the southern end of the state of Illinois is known as "Egypt." Before the yellow, clay hills yielded up their wealth of coal, these rural folk lived a cornbread and bacon life, while the farmers of the northern prairies enjoyed comfort and plenty. But strangely enough, so the legend goes, there came a year when the Illinois corn crops failed except in these clay hills, and then it was that "Egypt" sent up her corn to the famine-stricken people of the north. This may be only a legend, but it symbolizes the spirit of these people. If you came among them a stranger, you would be given the best they had. Were it ever so little they would be neither ashamed nor sparing of it. They would accept you as one of them and expect you to be like them. They would take it for granted that you would gladly accompany them to church and it would never occur to them that you might be embarrassed by an invitation to say grace. They might think you a member of a different denomination but that you might be other than Protestant, they would never suspect—you have such a good American face. To them a Catholic is a foreigner, a Jew is a clothing merchant, a non-believer is either a poor heathen Chinese or just crazy. Before industry turned these farmer folk into coal miners, their lives revolved wholly around the church. Day-to-day toil by the sweat of their brow, preachin', prayer meetin', singin' and the revival—this sober industrious life was broken only by the church sociable or the spellin' bee at the "deestrick" school. Thus generation after generation came up in the belief that the purpose of life is to prepare for death.

To these people there is only one right way, their way. You must be a Protestant and being that, it follows that you don't drink, dance, play cards or believe in evolution. If there is a single teacher in that county who believes in evolution—or understands it—I venture that he or she holds that belief in the strictest privacy. And woe unto the teacher who would dare to dance! Education and the teacher's conduct, like religion and politics, must be strictly orthodox. From the schools of theology, the normal schools, the state university, there has come to this section neither the spirit of tolerance nor the promise of culture. What is to be expected of teachers who with rare exception read only the two or three books a year as required for certificates? They have never annoyed their state legislature—of this and higher salary agitation the miners relieve them. Like church, like school—the Ku Klux mind is firmly entrenched.

Coal put these people of pioneer ways into a new environment. Rural neighborhoods became coal camps over night. The church soon had a rival, the saloon, and the Devil and the Lord have waged an unremitting struggle for supremacy ever since. Coal, liquor, and the foreigner, and Williamson county's "good old days" were gone. If coal brought the drinking foreigner it brought at the same time the only taste for real culture which this community reveals. Since the days of coal a Symphony Orchestra and even a singer of grand opera have come here—to the terrible town of Herrin where live so many of the music-loving Italians. Chautauqua and lyceum talent satisfies the "better element" of the Americans. While the phonograph in the 'hundred percenter" workingman's home grinds out the favorite of the hour, the accordion of the Dago sends forth airs from the never-dying operas of Verdi. But some of these foreigners are boot-leggers. Yes, and despite the stern religious code of his forebears, there is a type of American to whom this easy way of making a living is much preferable to the toil of the coal mine. And who are the patrons? Here the Europeans have no apologies to make and nothing to hide; they like their drink and have it. Teetotaler natives there are, but there are others who like their drink a bit and sip it on occasion. Others like it a lot and show it. If a church deacon or a minister's son has a hankering after it, discretion must accompany it. This takes a lot of the fun out of it, to be sure, but nothing could take the "kick" out of the "white mule" of the Williamson county brand. When these emotional folk of Kentucky and Carolina strain do have their drink, they must have it as fiery as their religion.

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It is significant that the Exalted Cyclops of the county resides in Marion. Marion, the county seat, retains much of its rural character while Herrin and Johnston City are typical mining towns. The good citizens of Marion believe that in cleaning up these and other recalcitrant communities, they may wipe out the blot which the Chicago Tribune has told them the Herrin massacre put on their county. Marion represents the Americanism of the Klan. No Catholic church has yet polluted its soil. The old settler stock predominates in its business affairs, while over in Herrin banker and merchant signed the bonds in the massacre trials. Despite its mining population, Marion has not the aggressive type of labor leader found in the sister mining towns. There are enough good citizens in these two towns, however, to give the Ku Klux raids the character of uprisings of the townspeople. And though the miners' national union opposes the Klan, in spirit and in constitution, the influence of the church and the inaction of their local labor leaders gave to the Ku Klux a following among the miners. Since the recent outrages local after local of mine workers is demanding the ousting of Ku Klux members. Ku Kluxism can be wiped out much sooner in these mining towns than in the county seat, where the county officials bitterly oppose it.

The years are pushing the old settler off the scene in this county of many conflicts. And with his passing go the old ways of life. The youth of this generation are unwilling to follow the beaten moral path. In their day they see that the Christian life is better preached than practised. The man who does little or no work has a better living than the miner who works like a beast. The successful man of the town, not the honest one, is exalted—he can give more to the church. To these lads of the coal mines the boot-legger is no worse than the business man who makes an easy, comfortable living and a big profit out of food, clothing and caskets. Practically everybody's son in Williamson county goes to work in the coal mines and here the economic conflict makes the Golden Rule a mockery. Every day these boys see that justice is not accorded because it is right but comes only when compelled by force. They would like their souls saved from eternal damnation but right now they want to know that their lives are safe from a fall of rock or an explosion of gas. This psychology of youth the older generation cannot understand.

The brief industrial era of this coal country has wrought remarkable changes in the character of the present generation who now are miners. While their conception of the origin of life and the destination of the soul remains the same, their outlook on life is changed indeed. To them the labor movement has brought a new philosophy of life. This philosophy insists on a better living here on earth; on brotherhood, regardless of race, creed or color. It brought the seed of tolerance where tolerance was sorely needed. Opportunity, brotherhood, tolerance—these have been the gifts of the labor movement to a people who knew them not. And for a quarter of a century these sons of the old settlers have lived at peace with the Dago, the Hunkie, and the Jew clothier. In their hearts they have believed these foreigners on the wrong track toward God but until the coming of the Klan the old prejudices, like the old ways of life, were slowly but surely passing. Now poison is added to prejudice and the way becomes hard indeed. The leaders of the miners, to whom have come the larger opportunities, must assume the responsibility of the hour. They are leaders of the church as well as the union, and they have no easy task. But what the union has brought to them and theirs must not be destroyed by prejudice and poison. Opportunity, brotherhood, tolerance—these things they must preserve.

AGNES WIECK.

"You Who Have Dreams Born in the Bone"

You who have dreams born in the bone,
Who are not alone, going alone,
Who cannot see where the light lies
For the flame within your eyes,
From the ends of your seas' four ways,
Riddle me these mysteries:
I have had dreams born in the bone,
I am not alone, going alone;
That which my own body is,
Turns upon its essences,
This my body finds its flesh
Alien with fowl and fish,
Despicable, heavy and cold,
Too soon weary, too soon old.
When I have watched, as I have passed,
I have not minded that at last
The sullen mask upon this frame
Should rot around the bones of dream.

Yet up and down the land I go,
And this is I that hates me so;
There is no other I, I swear,
Than this of earth, water and air.
I have climbed with fog blowing
Into cool night beyond my knowing,
Have seen long lights on a dim shore,
Heard the reluctant waters' roar,
Felt the soaked leaves beneath my feet
And known the earth, that it was sweet,
And in a raining night come down
To walk the one street of a town,
While through my hair and on my skin
The tingling wind blew whisper-thin,
And there above the earth I trod
Light and lonely as a god,
Dreading the lamp that must betray
That I am a god of clay.

From the ends of your seas' four ways
Riddle me these mysteries,
You who have had dreams born in the bone,
Who are not alone, going alone.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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Infernal Revenue

"NEWSPAPERS, periodicals, tobacco and confectionery. E. Durkin, Prop."—the sign groaned and complained in the March wind. It was late on the evening of Saturday the fifteenth and Elmer was alone in his dingy little shop. The gloom was deepened by the frozen smiles of sixty-eight pretty girls on the sixty-eight current magazines.

"The smoking and reading classes have called it a day. If it wasn't for J. T.—oh, here he is now."

The opening door let in a gust of Main Street air, also J. Tompkins Riland, editor and publisher of The Wappingtonian. There was a glitter in the editorial eye that was not wholly due to March wind.

"Get out the notary seal, Elmer," he said triumphantly. "It is the zero hour and the taxpayer is going over the top."

He signed his name, said "I do" to whatever it was Elmer muttered and bought cigars.

"Now I know why they told Ceasar, 'Beware the Ides of March'. Infernal revenue! I don't mind the tax on my income so much as the tax on my intellect."

"That's where they threw the hooks into your friend, Mellon."

"No, you're wrong, Elmer—as is your charming custom. The Mellon plan met with a great wave of popular enthusiasm."

"Yes, but it wasn't a permanent wave."

"If it hadn't been for narrow partisanship everything would have been all right."

"I know you're broadminded, J. T. I remember that piece you wrote when the Democrats pulled a shindy in town. 'Many low, retreating foreheads were seen on our streets today.'" The editor chuckled reminiscently.

"Course the Mellon plan was a riot for a while," Elmer went on. "It seemed as if everybody was for it. The President got noisy and gave away dozens of words he had been saving up for his old age. His line was something like this. We are on the ragged edge of the greatest period of prosperity the country ever knew and if we don't do something to lift the burden of taxes from the rich we'll all be hitting the soup line by Thursday night. The big money guys are on strike for higher profits and shorter taxes and unless we are simps we'll give 'em the whole works. The dough we raise by cutting taxes we'll lend to the farmers and get 'em out of debt.

"Everybody climbed on the running board. You newspaper birds oiled up the old salary wing and went to it. Nice fat bankers struggled to their feet and ladled it out by the double-chinful. The telephone company's air was all clogged up with Mellon radio and the little skinny Cartoonerville taxpayer was handing himself giggles.

"The G. O. P. lads were there with bells on. 'Mellon,' they said, 'certainly packs a mean wallop. This is no time for narrow partisanship. We'll snag 786 for C. C. on the first ballot, and he'll patter over the platter in November with 394 electoral votes. Any Democrat that opens his cutout against the Mellon plan is nothing but a politician.'

"Pretty soon this Garner horned in and began crabbing the act. 'Mellon?' he said. 'If that bird's a statesman, I'm a toe dancer. What we want is the cheaper cuts of taxes.' The thing got so bad that even Nick Longworth had a plan.

"According to the newspapers we were all feverish in the dome about over-grown surtaxes, but the boys who play it by ear began to hear a different tune. Parties that live on the wrong side of the railroad track didn't seem to get any kick out of this tax-exempt securities dope. Your paper didn't tell about any assault and battery between the forty-four percenters and the twenty-five gang. The Western farmer who just had a bank bust in his face wasn't crying himself to sleep over the bad news from the upper brackets. It was ptomaine to the bonus boys, and the best the radio bugs got out of it was a double earache.

"You take a fella that hasn't got anything in his clothes but a couple of green certificates. He's only about a jump-and-a-half ahead of the sheriff, see? and along comes a bozo all dolled up like a bootlegger's nephew and spouts: 'Lay off the rich a little; they only pass the buck to the poor.' Well, maybe that's straight, but does it listen good to the lad with one thin dime? Far be it from such.

"You know how it is yourself, J. T. You come home tired and park your feet by the stove and you say to the little woman, 'I see here in the paper that the Eighth Vice-President of the Eighth National Bank is going to give a spiel tonight on tax reduction. Listen here, le's wash Willie's face and go to the movies and see Pearl White get et by a lion.'

"A man will do anything to keep from thinking about taxes. You had an editorial telling Woppington to put on the old brain pan and stew up some thoughts about economics, and the next day I sold thirty-seven copies of Sniffy Stories.

"I bet you that's the reason why people got so goofy about the Washington crime wave. It took their minds off this infernal revenue.

"It was all framed we were going to eat tax all winter but by February any statesman that spoke the word was a suspicious character. 'The guy is trying to wiggle out of something,' we all

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thought. 'Shouldn't be surprised if he's Ned McLean's little friend, Apricots.'

"Only today I read in the paper, 'The debates on the tax question are not well attended by members of Congress'. But the Senate has to hang out the S. R. O. sign for a two-round poetry bout between Knockout Lodge and Battlin' Heflin.

"Coolidge got nervous and wrote a letter to Congress, 'We got to have tax reduction by Saturday and here it is Wednesday already.' And all the answer he could get was, "Where was Harry Daugherty on the night the body was discovered?

"So they smacked the melancholy Andrew for a loop. He had his face all fixed for the O. K. and all he got was the K. O. When the Mellon plan comes out of Congress they'll have to get Sherlock Burns to tell 'em whether it's a tax bill or a laundry ticket."

"Of course taxation is a complicated question," said Mr. Riland.

"Not at all, J. T. I can give you the up and down on it—"

"Good *night*."

Once more Elmer was alone with what he called his thoughts.

"Like I said. You start spilling a little chatter about taxes and everybody thinks it's a bedtime story."

FELIX RAY.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hiram Johnson Fulfilled His Pledge

SIR: I have read with astonishment a letter in your issue of March 5 from David Starr Jordan, under the caption, Hiram Johnson and the Southern Pacific Machine. In this communication the venerable educator alludes cynically to the historical fact that Hiram Johnson smashed the Southern Pacific Machine in California and makes the following amazing comment: "Now when did this happen and how, for at the time we in California had never heard of it nor do I know that Johnson himself ever advanced such a claim?" If Dr. Jordan makes this statement seriously it must be said that he was about the only one in California in 1910 who did not know that the Southern Pacific Machine was then in existence. The chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad was at that time the recognized political boss of the state. At every session of the State Legislature up to that time the lobby maintained by that railroad was in effect a sort of super-government and its political agents dictated or censored every important piece of legislation that was enacted in 1910. When Hiram Johnson first became a candidate for governor of California his chief campaign pledge was that he would kick the Southern Pacific out of politics. This issue was emblazoned for months in the headlines of every newspaper in the state. After his election Hiram Johnson fulfilled his pledge to the letter, the railroad lobby disappeared from the State Capitol where it had been entrenched for decades and Governor Johnson brought about the adoption of a constitutional amendment and the enactment of a railroad commission law whereby the railroads and other public utility corporations, instead of literally governing the state, were subjected to rigid regulation by the state government. I repeat that everyone else who is familiar with the political history of California up to 1910 and subsequent to that time is cognisant of these facts. I am surprised and shocked to learn that the former President of Stanford University professes ignorance of them.

ALBERT E. BOYNTON,
Chairman, Republican State Central
Committee of California.

San Francisco.

Walsh vs. Pinchot?

SIR: In a few weeks the Ins and the Outs will select their nominees for the presidency. Who will they be? McAdoo? No! Unfortunately, he is disqualified. Coolidge? Hardly. Courageous Cal could have had things his own way. Cautious Cal is a poor bet. Who, then? Just now it looks as though anybody might have a sporting chance. But it seems clear that the present state of public excitement must compel the selection of men who are conspicuous defenders of the public domain. That narrows the field.

Walsh may be selected. He might easily win the election as the standard-bearer of Democracy. But on whom can Republicans pin their hopes? Well, they have a man available if they want to use him. He is the best advertised conservationist in the United States—Gifford Pinchot, the Republican governor of Pennsylvania. If he were the Democratic governor of Pennsylvania the Democrats would nominate him and elect him by an overwhelming majority. If he were the Republican governor of a doubtful state he might be nominated. He is the only man on earth who could rescue the grand old party from the destruction which impends. Will he be allowed to attempt it?

Walsh vs. Pinchot! What a happy day for Liberals! Is it too much to hope for? It is.

Philadelphia. CLAIR WILCOX.

Taxes on the Value of Land

SIR: You say, "Of all taxes, those upon income are the most likely to remain ultimately upon the people upon whom they are assessed."

On what ground do you claim that they have this quality in a higher degree than taxes on the value of land, distinguished as thoroughly as possible from improvements on the same land?

I understand the core of the argument about shifting taxes to be this: The typical man is charging for his goods what he thinks the traffic will bear; that is, the highest price that he thinks will not cause him to lose more by lessened volume of business than he makes by the increased price. Therefore a tax will be added to the price if its existence makes the man think the traffic will bear more price, but will not be added to the price unless it makes him think so.

Now in so far as an income tax reduces the expected reward of investment it may be supposed to lessen a man's motive for preferring to invest his money rather than to blow it in for a good time at once; hence it may be expected to decrease the amount invested and to increase the amount blown in for immediate enjoyment. Then, when there is less money seeking investment, that which seeks investment can charge a higher price because of less competition. Thus a part (only a part) of the income tax may be shifted.

Will a tax on land, exempting its improvements, decrease the amount of land seeking an occupier, or in what way will it help the owner to get a higher price?

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts. STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

[The statement our correspondent comments on is too absolute. Of all taxes within reach of the federal government the income tax is least likely to be shifted. A tax on the unimproved value of land might be even more certain to stay where it is put, but only a constitutional amendment would make it available for federal use.—THE EDITORS.]

"Conscience and the Bishops"

SIR: Mr. Miller's admirable article on Conscience and the Bishops suggests a further consideration.

He rightly says, "There is no strife between realism and idealism" in religion. Let it also be said that his distinction between the "inner" and the "outer" life, and the church as the guardian of the former against the latter, is one which religion cannot accept as final. Like art, it should and does transcend this academic pedantry.

For his conception of the function of the church, I would substitute another. This institution should never let us forget our common origin, our common lot and our common destiny. Its most implacable enemies are class spirit and individual or party selfishness. Religion thus addresses itself to the central problem of any society, upon the successful solution of which depends not only its own, but society's existence.

To one, who like Mr. Miller is not too proud to worship, it

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seems unfortunate that he seems to make religion party to our human strife of interests. From the point of view of one church, it may be an issue as to whether a man can harmonize his loyalty to his convictions and his loyalty to his church. I suspect, however, that even to a man who feels this issue keenly, there is the more fundamental—and "modern"—question of the value of an institution that by implication considers the scientific spirit its enemy, and our interest in the world about us, a departure from its teachings and aims.

Albany. B. MALCOLM HARRIS.

Undisciplined Mothers and Spanking

SIR: Please help me! I am appalled to find that my letter in the New Republic on Undisciplined Mothers has been taken as a defence of corporal punishment! I received today a letter from a mother in Ann Arbor, Michigan, who on protesting that a friend of hers now living in California spanks her children too much, received a clipping of my letter from her California friend as a justification for her having "sticked" as she calls it, her boy! The Michigan lady is good enough to say that she has read a great deal of my writings and trusts my judgment, which makes my position harder than ever, for I have never approved of any kind of physical punishment.

It never occurred to me that anyone would mistake my word "disciplined" to mean "spanked." I referred, I remember, to "disciplined teachers" and "disciplined mothers." Heavens! Did they think I meant they should be spanked too?

New York City. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

Social Work as a Profession

SIR: One of your recent correspondents gives vent to an ancient grudge against the social case worker with an irritation that has been conspicuously absent from print of late years. Of course, social case workers cannot please everybody. They wouldn't be good case workers if they did. It is quite possible that this correspondent has come across some young case workers who do think themselves excessively important and show it.

Then, too, the older case workers have been pioneers in the past, blazing a trail through a forest of difficulties. Perhaps some of them have annoyed the writer?

Social work is coming to be recognized more and more by average individuals as a much needed social asset and is also gradually becoming a real profession more nearly approaching kinship with the medical profession than any other and with a strong probability in the future of being more closely allied to it.

Social case work is chiefly concerned with preventing waste of lives, not waste of money, though the conservation of material resources for good use should be a by-product of their work. It is a long and arduous undertaking and it has many branches. Last May in Washington, D. C., there was a notable gathering of about five thousand social workers in a National Conference. It was a thrilling and inspiring sight to look upon these specialists in the various departments of social work and to listen to them. A large proportion of them were women, young college women of fine physique, good looks, refined personality and spiritual force that will carry far.

One felt hopeful for the future of the world now so sadly muddled by a hideous war.

What a pity, your correspondent was not there.

HELEN B. PENDLETON,
Supervisor of Field Work.

Atlanta School of Social Work,
Atlanta, Georgia.

A Dinner to Bertrand Russell

SIR: May I use enough of your space to announce, for the sake of readers living in Washington, D. C., or nearby, that Mr. Bertrand Russell of England will come to Washington on April 12 as the guest of the Penguin Club and the League for Industrial Democracy? Mr. Russell will lecture on the European Chaos after a dinner in his honor, to which reservations may be made before April 1.

Washington, D. C. ELEANOR MARSH.

The Bandwagon

OVERSIGHT BY PHYSICIANS

Mr. Wiley . . . was given up for dead and by some mistake of the doctors, which they say only happened twice in medical history before, he did not die.

—Edward B. McLean, testifying before Senate Committee.

ENFORCING THE 19TH AMENDMENT IN NEW YORK

During the time Inspector West commanded the Second District, he said, 29,194 arrests were made by his men. . . . There was one restaurant in particular that gave him trouble.

"I spent quite a little money trying to get someone to get me in. One man, who could get me in, I slapped on the back, bought a lot of meals for, and finally gave him a canary bird."

—New York Times.

AS I USED TO SAY TO BEARD AND DANA AND THE REST OF THEM

There is no more unhappy tendency in our contemporary American life than that to persecute those individuals and those doctrines with which we may not ourselves happen to agree.

—Nicholas Murray Butler.

MORAL SUPPORT FOR MR. BRYAN

The firmament above our heads is a solid structure and the stars are points of light, that is all. They are not worlds, they are not suns. So-called science is a lot of silly rot, and so is so-called medical science and all the rest of their so-called sciences. The sun is a small body about forty miles in diameter and located only 3,000 miles from the earth.

—Wilbur Voliva, head of the Christian Apostolic Church.

HE CAN'T STAND IT

"I hate the word *can't*," says Mr. Culver.

"I won't allow even my little girl to use it. If I hear a man in my organization say it, I fire him."

—American Magazine.

CATCHING THEM COMING AND GOING

TAMPA, Fla., Mar. 6.—Gift of properties valued at approximately $150,000, including $10,000 in cash, to the Florida Press Association for the establishment of a home for aged newspapermen and a school of journalism is announced here by Charles D. Haines, of Altamonte Springs.

—New York Times.

LOSE ROTARY AND YOU LOSE ALL

Miss Hermine Schwaed, field secretary for the National Association of Constitutional Government, spoke yesterday at the Ebell Club's drama luncheon. . . . One of the very popular modern novels by an American author she dubbed as one of the most subtle and indirect forms of Socialism because it was inclined to destroy people's faith in the business men and because it discredited the Rotarian type of business man.

—Los Angeles Examiner.

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Fata Morgana

Fata Morgana, by Ernest Vajda, translated by James Burrell. Garrick Theatre, March 3, 1924.

FATA MORGANA begins with the youth bent over his books. He has failed to pass his examinations, and has been wandering two days by the river; and, since his parents take him still as a child, he is punished by having to remain at home while the family go for the night to the ball in a neighboring town. Everyone goes at last and the youth is left alone. Mathilde Fay, the wife of a city cousin, arrives unexpectedly; her telegram has been delayed. She becomes in the boy's soul the very idea of love. She steals into his room and passes the night with him. In the second scene the drowsy family awaits next evening the cousin himself, the rich lawyer. He offers his wife the trip to Ostend and the emerald ring that she has wanted. George bursts out with his love and demands that the husband give up Mathilde to him. There is an explosion. In the last act George is persuaded by Mathilde to lie away all that he has said. His dream is broken utterly. When the curtain falls he is left again with his books, getting ready for the university in the autumn.

Fata Morgana is not a great play but all the way through it is pleasing and entertaining and supple in its wit and spirit. The last two acts are not so good as the first; the pressure behind them is less, the need for their incidents does not run so deeply into the life of the situation; at times there are even stretches of sheer theatrical padding. But the first act is one of the bright spots in the season; it has not only a charming mood and fluent technical certainty but a poetry as well, something of the gentle comedy of family life and simple pleasure, something of the spring night and youth, and something of the poignancy that arises out of life's dreams and facts and the two kinds of truth by which we live.

The characteristic and promising quality of Vajda's play derives from a certain underlying sweetness of humanity and a certain vivacious wisdom about life. In Fata Morgana there is none of the violence of some of the more northern plays dealing with adolescence and its visions and its sex; none of that tragic depressing slime, drab taste and determined pessimism that appears so often in the German and Scandinavian and Dutch theatre, however powerful two or three of these adolescence plays may be. The quality here is simpler; its insight and felicity arise from a somewhat lighter temper perhaps but also from the perception of a wider and more amiable relation of the parts of life one to another. The boy has his dreams and feels them shaken, the mother is near to him and far away. The boy will find another life as the years pass—Vajda does not by resorting to suicide fling the whole theme into lurid shadow and so escape the inclusion of the tragi-comic daylight and the adjustments that a more adult and social existence will bring upon his hero. Mathilde, even as she seduces George to her will, feels yet the truth of his dreams. She too is swept and lifted into another region of herself, even though she knows at the same instant that her town life with its parties and flirtations is a reality also. The range of many-sided truths comprised and the easy admissions of the parts of life seen altogether and revealing each other, these are the source of Vajda's charm in Fata Morgana. And of all this the symbol is that Fata Morgana, the mirage that comes upon the plains of Hungary. In it are seen trees and far-off lands and clouds and ships and figures walking. These images are not there and are there. The fact of the plain, the land, the labor and obligation, exists; the truth of what things are seen in the mirage, the pure ideas and the untouched forms and lights, exists; and all are parts of life.

The production—the setting, acting and direction—that the Theatre Guild has given to Fata Morgana has about it a note that is happier than many of their productions and many of the things in town, something more con amore, perhaps, and more free and simple. That smile of Mr. Cook's as he takes the tickets at the door and that twinkling invitation in his eye for your praise afterward, is not without its pleasant household symbol.

Miss Emily Stevens brings even her mannerisms, her voice—which she can use with singular effects of spontaneity though it is very bad in the upper half—her unnecessary movements of the shoulders even these become a part of the portrait she establishes. Miss Stevens charms the lad of eighteen with his pent-up desires and green thoughts, not with beauty and enticing graces so much as with a certain sophistication, with something more Continental and doubtless more true to the part than most American actresses would know enough to exercise. In the scene where the youth is swept off his feet before her and pours out his passion, Miss Stevens does an extraordinary, a quite astonishingly fine, piece of acting; the woman herself is carried away with the poetry and pure depth of the youth's passion and at the same time knows exactly what it means in life; where it ends, where it is eternally true nevertheless; knows that it is something she would neither keep nor lose, something in her that she will not follow always but is shaken by. The main characteristic of Miss Stevens's performance, however, arises from wit. The gradations of her playing and the swift transitions and similarities that she secures are of the very essence of wit. Miss Helen Westley brings even more than usually to the part of the comic cousin her old lovable candor and frank edge. Mr. Morgan Farley's acting makes real criticism a friendly obligation.

The advance that Mr. Farley has made in this performance in Fata Morgana is astonishingly far ahead of anything I have seen him do so far. His English has improved but is still full of bad spots, sometimes even in the accent of words, like the first syllable in "before;" and his voice is still somewhat covered and impure. His least good moments are in the second act where he breaks out to Mathilde's husband, challenging him et cetera. But this is partly due, no doubt, to Mr. Daly's bad acting at this instant—Mr. Daly is better in the last scene—and to the fact that the dramatist himself—and perhaps the director—appears not to believe quite in the speeches and motives given to the boy. At any rate Mr. Farley needs to simplify that scene; all he needs is to bring to it the same belief that he has in the passionate poetry of the first scene and so render with an equal reality the boy's naiveté and honor and folly and courage, all true enough, even though Vajda himself feels a little shaky with them and writes them somewhat forced. At the very end of the play too, where he goes back to his books, Mr. Farley could simplify; he has the right direction and has only to establish a simpler mental rhythm and not try to underscore. He has only to trust in the depths of the personality that he has created; the point for the audience will be just as sure and will linger more poignantly, even if a little less immediately received, in their thoughts. But in that first act especially Mr. Farley knows something that is moving and convincing; he has freshness of spirit and poetry. What he achieves in Fata Morgana is enough to set him to studying incessantly; for a young actor that is very high praise.

STARK YOUNG.

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Anton Chekhov

Anton Chehov, a Critical Study, by William Gerhardi. New York: Duffield and Company. $2.00.

IF the quintessence of Chekhov is to be extracted from a single short piece, that piece might well be Gusev (or Goussiev)—the story of a soldier invalided home after some years of faithful service in the East, in the expectation that he, along with several of his burdensome mates, will die on the voyage, be buried at sea, and cease giving the home authorities further trouble. Here we have Chekhov in all his conciseness, in the seemingly passionless objectivity with which he presents grim and painful facts, in his cautious keenness of social criticism, his professional preoccupations as a physician, his comprehensive sympathy and his imaginative pity, and that sensibility on which his newest critic bases the present book. If the story shows one lack, it is that of the humor which lightened some of his earlier things; and if it exhibits a single excess, that may be found in the extreme (and exceptional) contrast here displayed between the misery of man and the triumphing beauty of nature.

The admirers and supporters of Chekhov seem to feel that he became, in his later twenties, the subject of a plenary illumination. Full knowledge arrived, and full understanding. Suddenly he was mature; and he was to hold that stage, with no advance and no change, for the remaining fifteen years of his life. His outlook was not sordid; his mental slant was not pessimistic. From such a standpoint he was able to view our trying and contradictory world as an entity to be accepted, in the end, as somehow good—or at least final judgment was to be postponed. With some faculty of knowledge not in the command of all, with some simplified unification that involved and fused both his seeing and his being, with an apprehension that was of the heart rather than of the head, with a fine functioning of soul rather than of mind, he was able to resolve all discords, to find the truth behind the world-lie, and to reach to pity beyond truth.

Those who are not entitled to full rank as admirers and supporters may take a more tempered view. They will see Chekhov as a conspicuously capable purveyor of Muscovite protoplasm. This elemental substance may shimmer (occasionally) in the sun of humor, or show leaden (more frequently) under the dark shadow of pessimism. They will ask for more form, more coherency, more direction. My own reaction, some years ago, on a first reading of The Sea-Gull, a play of Chekhov's middle period, was one of blank and clammy puzzlement—I felt involved in a vapory chaos. What, definitely, was the theme? To what issue did the action tend? What exact justification for the title? Yet this play was described as being, in mode and taste, nearest of them all in its approach to Western notions.

Later reading, with the help of the abundant comment since produced, has somewhat lifted the fog. Other readers, employing another metaphor, will declare that while Chekhov unrolls the vast fabric of Russian life and bends over it, shears in hand, like a fourth Fate, he snips out bits here and there at will, with no great regard for the general pattern and with indifference to a piece-meal and inconclusive presentation. Fatalism waits round the corner. Logic cannot deal with life. The will is denied or minimized. The very lack of motive is itself made a motive.

Mr. Gerhardi, needless to say, is among the unbounded admirers and the thick-and-thin supporters. Seldom has a young man tussled more gallantly with a biggish theme—and made it bigger yet through his very manipulation of it. He seems a Sisyphus rolling up hill not a stone, but a snow-ball. He is dissatisfied, as one might readily anticipate, with Tolstoi's characterization of Chekhov as "the Russian Maupassant." One could understand calling Maupassant, in a mood of generous extravagance, the French Chekhov, he declares impatiently. You feel him as much disturbed by such a faux pas as one might be who heard Shakespeare called the English Maeterlinck.

However, Tolstoi's comparison is not aside from the point. The two men were at the head of the short story, each in his own country, and outside it; and Maupassant preceded Chekhov by some few years. It is possible that Tolstoi spoke before the best of Chekhov had been accomplished. Each of the pair was a predestined patient, the madhouse awaiting the one and the sanatorium for consumptives the other. Chekhov, indeed, was both patient and physician: he began the practice of medicine before he began the practice of literature. Doctors crop up constantly in his stories, and seem almost indispensable to his plays: Lvoff, Dorn, Astroff. His preoccupation with disease is a necessary corollary. The pathological abounds, and Tolstoi was doubtless entitled to the further opinion that Chekhov would have been even a better writer but for his medical training.

A further word on Chekhov's conciseness. After the compression shown in his shorter pieces, almost every other writer seems diffuse—an indulger in limbs and outward flourishes. Yet brevity, like almost everything else, cuts two ways. In Chekhov we face a society not even yet sufficiently lighted and documented for Western minds and meet mentalities with which the Western mind, again, is still far from having squared itself. Chekhov's short stories, like the short novels of Turgenev, often leave us to complete an organism from data that sometimes seem elliptical and scanty. Turgenev, thanks to his French training, is clean-cut as a cameo. Chekhov, whose conceptions are emotional, rather than formal or logical, tends to dissolve everything into a fluidity of pity and indulgence. Autocracy, he implies, withholds permission to function. Society yawns and festers. The years, too, are short: let us, then, hasten to express our rather valueless individualities as best we may, since such is all we have. What wonder that we find within us so little to express—and that little so unsatisfactory and imperfect? Life, adds Mr. Gerhardi, with a fine responsive note of pessimistic despair, is "at once too long and too short to be endured." Thus stood things in the days before action, with all its abundance and violence, finally arrived.

A further word, too, on Chekhov's sudden attainment of maturity and poise, and on the static condition which ensued. This last is best to be apprehended through his plays, wherein scene, action, character and other features are almost interchangeable. Everywhere the same empty existence of the country, the same lack of object in life, the same consequent boredom and desperation, and the same way out of it all. Both The Sea-Gull and Ivanoff end with a pistol in the hands of the suicidal protagonist; and suicide would have been the way out for "Uncle Vanya" as well, if the secreted morphine had not been wheedled away from him. Yet these three plays cover a range of thirteen years, during the author's most productive period. It is but just to say that the most subtle

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ending is that of the last of the three in point of date. And it might be fair to add that through this period the deplorable conditions of Russian life were themselves static.

A further word, again, on Chekhov's fluidity. This is both emotional and moral. An emotional flux almost necessarily sets architectonics to one side. Coherency becomes far from inevitable. Conclusiveness is not to be looked for. Life is an unstable equilibrium of transitory values. As for the moral side; whatever there be of hap, mishap, or non-hap, who but God can decide "which is failure and which is success?" In the circumstances that prevail, it might indeed be "strange," as Chekhov himself says, "not to forgive."

Mr. Gerhardi, after a fashion not altogether unbecoming in a young man, is a thorough-going partisan. If he is severe, inferentially, on Maupassant, he is still more severe, categorically, on Henry James, who appears to him to be at the opposite pole from Chekhov. And indeed, with the bête humaine once haled to the shambles, it is easy to feel that James tiptoes round the carcase with a penknife, while Chekhov, wielding the cleaver—or, better, the scalpel—makes every brief stroke count. Chekhov, whatever his fundamental and ultimate indecisiveness, never reduces language to "a spray of words."

I don't know that I go the whole way to meet the author's assumption—common in our day and perhaps increasingly peculiar to it—that verity is all, that direct transcript from life is the sine qua non, and that the building-up and exhibition of familiar, contemporaneous character is the ultima ratio of the novelist militant. What, in this case, if we give art's general canons any consideration, becomes of words in which realistic representation does not enter, or enters but subordinately? What (not to fly too high) becomes of Guido Reni's Aurora, or of a Haydn quartette, or even of a Gilbert libretto? Or what—putting the hand haphazard into the literary hat—becomes of Tasso, Sophocles, Racine, of Uhland, of La Fontaine, of Paradise and the Peri? Conception, clothed on with form, comes first. No work can be well conditioned, primarily, on a fragmental and realistic reproduction of mere actuality.

The weaving of the Chekhovian web, regarded as psychological functioning, is best to be apprehended in English, perhaps, through the stories of Katherine Mansfield. Perhaps, too, the web of his diction, none too easily to be grasped by us outsiders, though good translations increase, may best be apprehended through her texts. But the matter may be approached from the other side, along the road of contrast. The difference between silk and something-less-than-silk may be got from the pages of recent psychological studies by Mr. Masters and Mr. Anderson. As for Chekhov's cadences, we must largely take them, notwithstanding the best will in the world among his translators, on faith. We only know that few falls of speech from our own writers really please our ears.

Perhaps the best thing to be said for Chekhov, however, is that he never calls upon his reader for the exercise of that sort of faith which is known as "the suspension of belief." What he reports, *is*—and chiefly by the virtue of his reporting. We have only to open our eyes and his world will be before us. If we can accept his world as our world—as sufficiently representative of the world in general—so much the greater our gain. His own eyes would seem to look out upon it as if he held some such doctrine as that which, mysterious in its very simplicity, caught and held the early Christians. Such a view, in its broad singleness, remains beyond the reach and capacity of most. If Chekhov really arrived at it, that will count as his great distinction.

His works have been characterized by a none too friendly native critic as tending rather toward lemonade than alcohol. Lemonade, yes—if he be compared with Dostoevski and Gorki. Yet lemonade remains a pleasant and practicable beverage—and is much nearer the fundamental aqua pura than the other. Perhaps Chekhov's draught will outlast the fiery potations of spirits more ardent and violent. Moderation, even when the product of uncertainty, has the quality that lasts. Perhaps it is by waiting, rather than by acting, that understanding shall be reached: in the words of The Three Sisters, "it seems that in another little while we shall know why we are living, why we are suffering." As Mr. Gerhardi pauses to reflect, regarding the perpetuum mobile called life: "Life is everywise: a struggle toward the static and simultaneous on the part of the transitory and successive, and toward transition and diversity on the part of the static and uniform." This once granted, what remains for the artist but to observe and report? Here, then, is our critic's justification for his hero. Why view and treat anything less than the whole broad body of current phenomena, as these impinge on one's sensibilities? Yet why try to determine, to judge, to direct? Such matters as free will and predestination were to await, in Chekhov's opinion, the future. Yet the newer Russia struggles on.

HENRY B. FULLER.

The "Heathen" Turk

An Englishwoman in Angora, by Grace Ellison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

The Rebirth of Turkey, by Clair Price. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.00.

The Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia, by E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

IN spite of widespread interest in the problem, Americans as a whole have little appreciation of the true character of the situation in the Near East. Press, pulpit, and platform disseminate a heterogeneous collection of truths, half-truths, and untruths which make rational judgments difficult if not impossible. Opinions, therefore, are more likely to be based upon emotion than upon fact, and because they are emotional they are certain to be the more stubborn. Herd antipathies to the "heathen" Turk and herd loyalties to the "Christian" Armenian or Greek can usually be counted upon to make the average American take a belligerent stand in any Near Eastern crisis regardless of the merits of the case. It is said, for example, that never, not even at the time of the sinking of the Lusitania, have the State Department and the White House received as many letters, petitions, and telegrams urging various degrees of military action as poured in upon Secretary Hughes and President Harding immediately after the Turkish occupation of Smyrna in 1922. And yet there were comparatively few Americans who had more than the most superficial understanding of the causes of the war in Anatolia or of the nature of the Greek claims to Smyrna.

This ignorance of Near Eastern affairs operates almost entirely to the disadvantage of Turkey. The Gladstonian tradition of the "unspeakable Turk," combined with the

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indisputable fact of cruel hardships suffered by Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor before and during the Great War, has fastened upon the Turks what Mr. Clair Price appropriately calls a "sorry butcher-legend" and has exalted the Christian subjects of Turkey by "an equally artificial martyr-legend." Americanized Greeks and Armenians have exploited this prejudice; journalists and publicists hesitate to disturb it; the Turks have made no organized effort to counteract it. Thus Turkish atrocities are widely advertised, whereas the systematic vandalism and organized brutality of the Greek army in Anatolia from 1919 to 1922 have been passed over. Deportations of Greeks from Asia Minor are vehemently denounced, but little or nothing has been said about the deportation of some half million Turks from Thrace during and since the Balkan Wars. The idea of a compulsory interchange of populations between Greece and Turkey originated with Mr. Venizelos and was presented to the Lausanne Conference on behalf of the League of Nations by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; nevertheless it has been cited by frenzied relief workers and uninformed editorial writers as further conclusive proof of the innate barbarity of the Turk.

It is the purpose of Miss Ellison to present the Turk in a more favorable light. But she has overstepped the bounds of common sense and good taste. She does not serve the cause of peace in the Near East to anathematize the Greek people and canonize the Anatolian peasant. Overestimating the capacities of the Turks or being excessively enthusiastic about their virtues may well prove to be boomerang rather than boon to the Angora government. Miss Ellison apparently would be an English feminine Pierre Loti, but she falls far short of the mark as a litterateur. The pages of her book contain more dashes and exclamation points per square inch than a freshman essay. Her prejudices are so transparent as to be whimsical: her favorite saint is Mustapha Kemal, her favorite demon Lloyd George, her favorite aversions Americans, Bolsheviki, and British Laborites. Miss Ellison was in Angora, but that fact in itself scarcely qualifies her to write authoritatively on the complicated problem of the Near East.

Mr. Price and Major Powell have undertaken with greater success the laudable task of challenging certain Western preconceptions regarding the Moslem world in general and Turkey in particular. Their accounts of the rise of the New Turkey and of the existing situation in Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia are based upon their observations as free-lance journalists. What they have to say is on the whole accurate, though not altogether in perspective, colorful but not colored, at once informative and entertaining. Neither of these books is likely to be of permanent value in the historical literature of the Near East; both will serve useful purposes in the discussion of contemporary international problems.

Whatever may have been their opinions during the Great War, these authors are now thoroughly disillusioned regarding the beneficent influences of Western imperialism in the Near East. In his initial chapter Behind the Veil of Propaganda, Mr. Powell promises his readers that he will "discard all subterfuges and euphemisms and, when the narrative requires it, substitute 'petroleum' for 'self-determination,' 'political ambitions' for 'national obligations,' 'imperialism' for 'altruism'." His discussion of the Mesopotamian Muddle, the French mandate in Syria, and the attempted subjection of Persia constitutes a severe, but on the whole merited, indictment of Entente diplomacy in its dealings with Moslem peoples. From the record presented one might ask whether certain eminent and respectable statesmen do not better merit the title of "unspeakable" than the Turk to whom it is gratuitously awarded.

Mr. Price is not impressed with the claims of Christianity to greater consideration than Moslemism as a social force in the Near East. "Americans at home," he writes, "have not yet learned that European governments have sometimes accepted Christianity 'in principle' rather than in fact, and that only when the Christians themselves, from British Foreign Secretaries down to the humblest Greek dive-keepers in Galata, have been converted to the practice of Christianity, will the missionaries gain the understanding and respect of Islam." One of the most inexcusable aspects of Christian conduct in Turkey is the too-readily-assumed superiority of Westerners over the Oriental. "Among imperialists," says Mr. Price, "one can understand the necessity of an inflexible attitude of superiority, but among Christians it corresponds neither to reality nor to the teachings of the First Christian." Major Powell goes this statement one better by asserting that this holier-than-thou manner is crass hypocrisy. He is impatient with those Americans who prate about Eastern polygamy—which is now rare in Turkey—the while overlooking the antics of "certain American bankers and railway magnates who maintain establishments which differ in little, save their illegality and secrecy, from Turkish harems."

In short, here are two books which, although of solely temporary importance, present in a readable and unconventional manner much material that is of real interest. They frankly present the Turkish and Moslem point of view, which, as has already been indicated, needs to be presented. It will be regrettable indeed, however, if Western historians and publicists do not speedily come to realize that innately the Turk is no better and no worse than other Near Eastern peoples, all of whom react to the same stimuli in much the same way. To treat the Turk as a Pariah is to invite him to exhibit all the unlovely characteristics of such. He has his national vanities, but so have his Christian neighbors. Peace in the Near East may be effectively promoted by more widespread realization that exaggerated political and cultural nationalism of the Balkan and Anatolian peoples, aggravated by the unregulated rivalries of the Great Powers, is the real enemy of Greek, Bulgar, Turk, and Armenian alike.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Deirdre

Deirdre, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THERE remain Bernard Shaw and James Joyce to write of Deirdre. First A. E. captured her pale ghost and let it flit through a twilight drama. Then Yeats gave her color and music and beauty without life. Then Synge found in the old story the greatest tragic theme in the world—the hard choice between swift and slow death—and made Deirdre unforgettable. Now comes James Stephens with the crooked mirror of his temperament and retells the ancient narrative in his own way.

It is a short book—less than half the usual novel length. It is by no means a novel. It is a series of dramatic scenes in two groups, with an interval of seven years be-

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tween the events they portray. In Book I we read how Deirdre came to run away with the three young brothers; in Book II, how they were all lured back and how they fought in the Red Branch of the King's palace before they died.

Three good new notes has Stephens added to the music of the old story: youth, and laughter, and battle. Absurdly young in their gambling with life and death, the doomed giggle and shout with laughter in the shadow of the wing of death:

> "The gods be praised," said Ardan piously, "we cannot run even if we have to!"
>
> The band of young men shouted with laughter, and Deirdre chimed in as joyously as any of them.

In such a mood the air is clear and clean from all trace of the sentimentality that ruins so many modern versions of ancient tales. Deirdre herself is no pre-Raphaelite beauty but a primitive fighting woman: "Deirdre's arm swung viciously, and a wild yell told that the bolt had gone home." And in the last plunging fight when they all go down before the sorcery of Cathfa, she uses her spear so well that "some venturesome man dropped squealing."

Indeed, the whole fifty pages of battle left one tense and breathless. Realism? Not at all. Romance? Still less. A kind of imaginative impersonation of the primitive love of fighting as a means of distilling into a few hours all the glory of life! Of the great love of Naoise and Deirdre we have only faint hints, but of their great struggle with malign forces we have full realization. The book was worth writing if only for that.

But then . . .? The trouble is, as Stephens says, "When we endeavor to tell of these things words cannot stand the trial." If he had but remembered this always and spared us the explanations that form almost one third of Book I! Sometimes he is trapped by the intricacies of his material which he knows will be unfamiliar to most readers. But again he is tempted by some mischievous spirit into such trite didacticism as this:

> Still, they were young, and with young people impressions that come quickly go as fast. They have so much in common; their interest in the present is so quick; their faith in the future so fearless; their memory of tenderness is so recent, and their experience of treachery so small, that friendship comes easier to them than enmity does; and trust grows where suspicion withers; so in a little time they were again at ease, and when the food they had been preparing was eaten they knew one another and were friends.

This—when he might have been presenting with all his tenderness and his humor that first meeting of Deirdre and her men. Indeed, after an opening not less than magnificent in its impudent humor, fifty pages of analysis and explanation, distributed through the first chapters, come near to ruining the movement of the book. On most pages, however, it is saved by the almost inexhaustible freshness of the imagery and the phrasing. To recreate Deirdre as "a whirlwind of legs and laughter," to make us see Conachar by means of a "mighty leg draped in green silk, from which long tassels of gold swung gently," even to stir the imagination by a glimpse of a "mangy field"—these are but three out of many indubitable marks of genius.

But what shall we have next?

EDITH RICKERT.

Ulug Beg

Ulug Beg, by "Autolycus." New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is hard to say what is most astonishing in Ulug Beg. Nine thousand lines or so of ottava rima "comic in intention" and consistently so in effect is surprising enough in our literary era. And when a breathless, racy and sanguinary tale gallops jubilantly along on the conventional number of feet, jolting the reader only when it stops to lash them out in wholly unnecessary self-defence or stumbles into deprecation, one is not only astonished but a bit exasperated to realize that a lusty and vigorous bard is cowering behind the pseudonym "Autolycus." The defensive attitude may be relaxation to the narrative muscles—and he does strike it comically—clever chap, whoever he is—saturated with the outpourings of the poets, and exuding a sort of Volapuk of effervescent borrowings.

The tale rushes by on a stream of frothy exuberance—strong, swift and dark in places—flashing a foam of flamboyant foolery when the black current of the tragic threatens to swamp us. Grim as death sometimes, and raw in realism as any of his unsavored "moderns," "Autolycus" yet resists the most popular selling-devices available to composers of oriental fantasies—"the muse's man-trap, when all's said and done"—and reveals himself Puritan enough to treat matter of sex as matter-of-fact. Fighting is at least as absorbing—and so are imperialistic intrigue, treachery and revolution. Kim is swept into the rapids when the current reaches British spheres of influence—as well as other beloved offspring of Rudyard Kipling, to whom the torrential volume is dedicated. But the sincere flattery of "Autolycus" should justify the abduction, and Kim, Stalky, and Co. seem not too distressingly adrift in an outlander's tumultuous tale.

It is an obstreperous epic, dashing from the extravagantly trivial to the starkly brutal,—but so fluent, vigorous and impulsive as to sweep away critical rigidity. We snatch feebly at our original straw of objection to anonymity and apology—and seizing it, thank God the judicial attitude has been maintained, although our last gasp, like our first, can be only: "Astonishing!"

D. B. WOOLSEY.

As They Might Be

As They Are. Anonymous. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT is a well-established practice, nowadays, for most of us to talk about French politics without knowing what they mean. France holds the key to peace. The struggle that will determine which way Europe goes, the next ten years, is being waged in Paris. The leaders of conflicting party groups—imperialists and friends of reconciliation—are men to whom the present deadlock gives importance. Yet how many of us on this side of the Atlantic know anything about those leaders? Poincaré, Clemenceau, Foch. Yes, we know those three. Viviani, Briand, Millerand, Tardieu, Painlevé and Caillaux. Well, we've heard of all of them—though it's a little difficult to remember which is which. Briand and Viviani, for example, have a way of getting mixed. As for the others—Berthelot, Jonnart, Chéron and the rest of them—for most of us

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they are not even names. It is an impressive fact how seldom Americans who insist that France is the storm centre of world politics can identify French politicians above the number five.

Possibly something of this sort was in the mind of Mr. Alfred Knopf, when he decided to put a series of sketches of French statesmen into print. It is unfortunate, however, that he picked so inadequate a collection as is represented here. The book defeats its own most useful purpose by presuming too much information on its reader's part. Published in France under the title Ceux Qui Nous Mênent, it includes portraits of some two dozen statesmen. But they are portraits hung in different rooms, with no satisfactory attempt to explain the relativity between them. That is all right for the boulevards, where these men are known. But for an American audience it would seem wiser to have prepared a new collection rather than import one of this type for translation wholesale.

That is not all. Another trouble is the fact that these sketches lack incisiveness. The attempt to handle Clemenceau or Poincaré in so brief a space as eighteen hundred words needs the insight and the phrase-clipping genius of a man like Keynes. This anonymous author hasn't got it. In fact, at times his portraits are mere boiler-plated half-tones for the Sunday papers. Here is Poincaré, for instance: "No greater injustice could be done than to imagine him lacking in feeling; the jurist in him has not killed the man; the law and the constitution have not dried up his heart. It was with anguished eyes that he saw the great catastrophe approaching [1914] and his pathetic letter to George V, which will go down as an historical document of the period, stands as proof of it. . . . He is a man whom one might describe as strangled with scruples."—Ergo, the Ruhr. Some of these portraits deserve the title As They Are less than As They Might Be.

C. M.

Nicolas Poussin, by Esther Sutro, with an Introduction by William Rothenstein. Boston: The Medici Society, Inc. $1.75.

AN excellent introduction to Poussin's life and work: text, reproductions, and typography all live up to the high level we have learned to expect from the Medici Society. The appearance of this little book is, perhaps, an indication of that return to the classic in the arts which marks the exhausted subjectivity of this decade; for the tyros who experimented without realization are being driven back to the smaller masters of the late Renaissance who realized without experimenting.

L. M.

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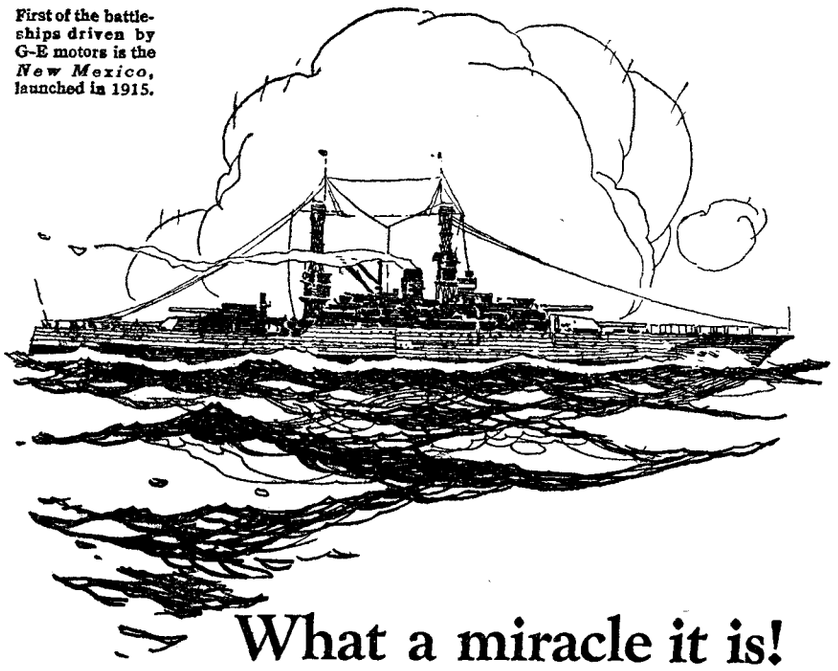

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